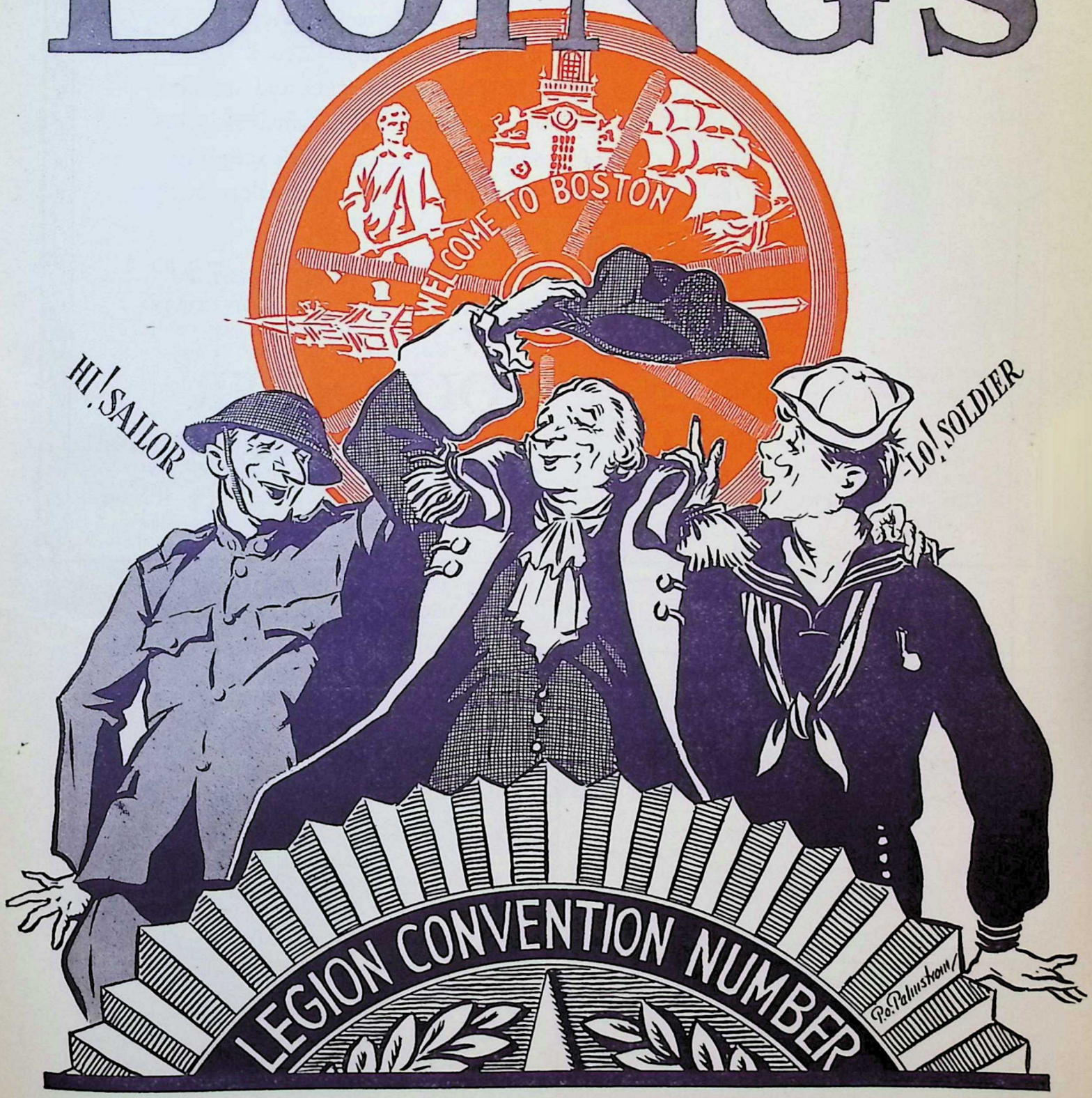
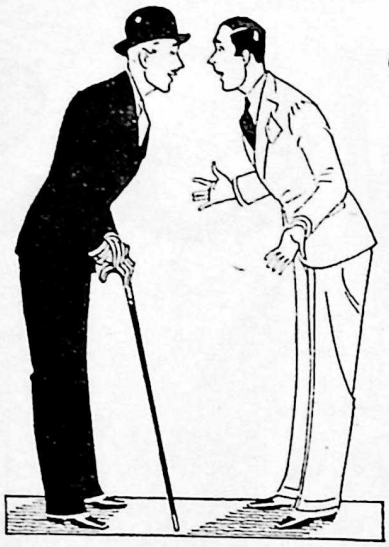
YANKEE DOINGS



VOL. XI, NO. 9 | YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION | SEPTEMBER, 1930



Man to Man

we haven't the largest stock of men's clothes in Boston. For that reason they have to be much more carefully selected. Take a a little time and come over and see how well we can fit you in Gentlemen's clothes of good pattern that will wear exceedingly well. We will be easy on your bank balance, too, for these suits are but

50.00 55.00 65.00 75.00

SUITS — SPORTS - TOWN — TOP COATS

HOLLANDER
MEN'S SHOP

214 BOYLSTON STREET

E. H. ELDREDGE W. J. KEVILLE (LM)

ELDREDGE & KEVILLE

Real Estate, Mortgages and Insurance
Care of Property a Specialty

TEN STATE STREET

DEVONSHIRE BUILDING

BOSTON, MASS.

CHARLES I. BOYNTON (M)
(Div. Q.M. Office)
Life Insurance Expert
30 STATE STREET, Room 701
BOSTON, MASS.
Insurance of Every Kind
Telephone HUBBARD 0457

YD BUSINESS DIRECTORY

PATRONIZE YOUR OWN COMRADES
LISTINGS FOR YD MEN ONLY
One line 6 mos. $3.00; One year $5.50
Two lines 6 mos. $5.50; One year $10.00

Advertising, Printing and Typography

WALTER W. ANNABLE (M) (101st F. A.), The Berkeley Press, 72 Lincoln St., Boston. Typographic Service and Printing for Advertisers.

Automobile Tires

GEO. W. BUNNELL (M) (101st Engrs.) Corey Hill Garage, 56 Winchester St., Brookline. Special prices to YD men.

Camping and Outing Goods

MIKE DRISCOLL (M) (101st Eng.), Washington St., Corner of Devonshire St.

Flour

DONALD P. SANDS (M) (101st F. A.), Sands, Taylor & Wood Co., 28 Fitchburg St., Somerville, Mass. KING ARTHUR FLOUR.

Ford Automobiles

JOHN McKINNON (M) (102nd M. G. Bn.), Front Street Sales & Service Co., Scituate, Mass. Telephone Sci. 98 Ford and Lincoln Cars, Ford Trucks, Fordson Tractors

Fresh Eggs

T. P. CHANDLER (M) (101st F. A.), Froidmont Farm, Wrentham. Tel. Walpole 475.

House Wiring and Electrical Fixtures

E. S. PURDY (M) (101st Engrs.), 110 Sawyer Ave., Dorchester Col. 5945. APPLETON ELECTRIC CO.

Illustrating

P. O. PALMSTROM (M) (101st Engrs.), 17 Wilshire Park, Needham, Mass. Tel. Needham 1254-W.

Jewelry

JOHN F. MALONE (M) (102d F. A.), 387 Washington St., Boston. Liberty 2871.

This gives one an opportunity to keep before the YD public at a very low rate. Do not wait to be solicited; just send in your line or two lines and note that fifty-eight spaces on your typewriter make a line for this column.

YANKEE DOINGS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION

200 HUNTINGTON AVENUE BOSTON, MASS.

CARROLL J. SWAN (LM)
President

PHILIP N. SANBORN (M)
Secretary

KENNETH POULTON (M)
Treasurer

STAFF

Editor	PHILIP N. SANBORN (M)
Associate Editor	GEORGE W. TWOMBLY (M)
Art Editor	P. O. PALMSTROM (M)
Business Editor	WILLIAM SNYDER (M)

SUBSCRIPTION FOR NON-MEMBERS OF ASSOCIATION $2.00 PER YEAR

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION
Send all communications to the Editor

Entered as second class matter February 20, 1922, at the Post Office at Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance for mailing at a special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 8, 1922.

Two dollars of the annual dues is applied as subscription to YANKEE DOINGS.

Copy for DOINGS must be in before the First

(M) signifies Member, Y.D.V.A.
(LM) signifies Life Member.
(HM) signifies Honorary Member.
(AM) signifies Associate Member.

OUR NEXT NUMBER

YANKEE DOINGS' publication schedule has been more or less shot to pieces this year, due to the efforts made to fit the publication dates around important events such as the Annual Camp Devens Day, and the Legion National Convention.

This issue, which should have gone to press on September 1, was held open for a week later, in order that it might contain as late information as possible regarding the YD affairs during Convention Week.

The October number will also be late as it will not close until the Convention is adjourned and stories of some of the big times can be written.

However, November and December still remain in which to catch up with the schedule and by the first of the year DOINGS ought to be back to its regular first of the month closing date.

WHAT THE Y.D.V.A. MEANS TO OTHERS

The following letter from a former soldier of the 103d Infantry, who because of his discharge from service before the 26th Division went overseas, is ineligible for membership in the Y. D. V. A., is worth quoting for the insight it gives us into the respect which is given our organization by those who cannot join it. It is written in answer to a letter from the Secretary explaining that the writer is eligible to become an associate member.

"Although I feel greatly honored at your consideration of me as a prospective associate member, I must refuse.

"Although I served in M Co., 103rd Infantry, I do not believe I am entitled to the rights and privileges of membership in the Yankee Division Veterans Association. I do not believe I could ever consider myself a true, bona fide member because I did not serve in France and the YD did—very much so. Therefore in my estimation I have no right to become affiliated with an organization whose members bear wounds and memories of the battlefields of France.

"If I believed I was honestly entitled to become a member I would feel greatly honored and duty-bound to join."

Kenneth C. Wilson

Bangor, Maine.

Doesn't a letter like that make some of you birds who are eligible and still haven't enough interest to join a bit ashamed?

TWO POINTS OF VIEW

CARROLL J. SWAN,
Sir:

In reply to your letter wish to state that I do feel as though I am not getting $2.00 worth by continuing as a member of the Yankee Division Veterans Association.

Personally, I think $1.00 per year dues for non-resident members is sufficient when consideration is given to what they receive for their money.

(Name withheld)

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

Enclosed please find a check for two bucks just to prove that the membership in the good old YD means something to me. I appreciate the reminders: they didn't make me sore. Procrastination is the answer, also the crime I am guilty of. I am very happy to learn that the membership is increasing by leaps and bounds. Bully for the YD! With kindest regards to each and every member of our beloved Association, I am sincerely yours,

—EDWIN SIMONE (M)
(L Co., 101st Inf.)

Bergenfield, N. J.
July 28.

BETWEEN OURSELVES

The Legion comes to Boston! New England, the old Home Sector of the Yankee Division, welcomes the great host of veterans of all divisions, and all other units, large and small—that great brotherhood whose bonds of fellowship were forged in those days of courage and comradeship now slipping into the distant part.

* * * *

What days they were. With eyes above the mists and souls freed from artifice, men looked into one another's hearts, saw what was there, and became brothers. Gone the barriers of social standing, of nationality, race or creed. A man stood forth for what he was, not for what he had.

* * * *

We hear much of the cruelty and horror of war; its savagery and its madness. It is just as well we do; for those things should not be forgotten. Yet, as we look back on those days what do we see? We see humanity struggling to realize its poor visions of a more perfect world; each one aware of and eager for the brotherhood of his fellow man; all united in a spirit of common endeavor and common sacrifice. Among the homefolks we see wealthy matron and charwoman sharing each other's happiness or sorrow as the news from the battle line brings them good or evil tidings. In the khaki ranks we see banker's son and day laborer, Jew and Protestant and Catholic, suddenly made aware of the triviality of their differences and the importance of their common courage and honest manhood. We look back and see mankind at its worst but also, strangely, at its best.

* * * *

The evils which war leaves in its wake are all too apparent: the poverty, the ill health, the suspicions and jealousy, envy and hatred. What tragedy it is that the few good things it brings are allowed to slip so soon through our fingers. The keen-eyed idealism; the true democracy that knows no caste or creed; the awakened spirit of universal comradeship; the sympathetic understanding that so easily leaps national barriers. Who can salvage these nuggets from the morass of petty bickering, selfishness and misunderstanding in which the post-war years have submerged them? Only we who, in the most impressionable years of our lives, absorbed them into our very blood stream—we who formed a fraternity on those very principles while their flame still burned hot within us. Ours is still the battle: ours still the chance to show the way.

* * * *

The Legion comes to Boston! Two hundred and fifty thousand old comrades-in-arms bent mostly on having a whale of a time. Boston knows how to provide it for them and she will. Beneath all the noise-making and the hell-raising, it will take a discerning eye indeed to perceive any serious purpose. But everybody knows a convention is a convention, and the rest of the year is something else again. Pack a quarter of a million of these old-timers into one town and they're dynamite on trucks—eight cylinders, four-wheel drive and no brakes. But sort them out and sift them back into their regular homes and jobs and they're pretty fine citizens. Little if any nobility of aim, or power for the good of the nation will be apparent on the surface. But those qualities are there, just the same.

* * * *

With its freedom from cant and bigotry, its knowledge of the true scale with which to value a man's worth, the Legion, under a leadership which shall forego all self-seeking and stamp out any sign of class-consciousness, has in it the germ of power which might lift this nation to a higher plane than it has ever occupied before. This is too great an opportunity to fritter away in internal strife and personal ambition, and its accomplishment is too worthwhile to permit of failure through aiming for a lesser goal. The business of the Legion—and for that matter of all veteran bodies—is not altogether to strengthen its own position, but to make the country as a whole glad that such an organization exists. To achieve such a goal is our opportunity: whether we avail ourselves of it rests with us.

BROOKLINE HERO PRAISED BY HIS OLD CAPTAIN

To the Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

The death of Patrolman JOSEPH P. O'BRIEN in the performance of his duty was a great shock to the community, and particularly so to his former comrades of the Machine Gun Company, 101st Infantry.

Patrolman O'BRIEN served with that unit at the Mexican border, when it was a part of the 9th Massachusetts Infantry, and in France, where he served bravely in the Toul Sector and the battle of Chateau Thierry, St. Mihiel, and the Argonne. He was badly gassed in June, 1918. Throughout our service his cheerful demeanor in the most trying circumstances was an inspiration to his comrades.

His resolution in getting out his gun and firing with sufficient accuracy to hit the hat of one of the desperadoes opposed to him when weakened by his fatal wounds, received in the brutal attack on him, was typical of the man. He was a brave soldier and a good police officer.

May he rest in peace.

One of his former comrades,
JOHN T. COMERFORD (M)

LEGION NATIONAL CONVENTION

WELCOME, YANKEE DIVISION!

To My Comrades of the Yankee Division:

It will be a pleasure for me to meet those of you who purpose to visit Boston during the 1930 American Legion Convention.

The same delightful anticipation is shared by all your fellows living about here, and we are especially anxious to see the lads who have not been back for some time. The officers of the Yankee Division are making every arrangement they may, and the club house at 200 Huntington Avenue, Boston, will be your headquarters. I understand it is the purpose of every organization to have a special meeting place.

I have been drafted as Honorary Chief Marshal of the great Legion Parade, which they tell me is going to be a grand affair. Major PAUL H. HINES (M) has done the publicity work advertising this Convention; Colonel CARROLL J. SWAN (LM) who is President of the 1930 National Convention Corporation, as well as President of the YD Veterans Association, is a steam engine in breeches and is working night and day for us; PHILIP N. SANBORN (M) is Secretary, and has been doing the work of editor of the YANKEE DOINGS—in fact they are all working hard, so come and let us see you, and especially let me greet you.

Sincerely yours,

C. P. Edwards

AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL CONVENTION

Boston, October 6-9, 1930

By Carroll J. Swan (LM)

Chairman Legion National Convention Corporation, President Yankee Division Veterans Ass'n.

Every member of the Yankee Division will be interested in the story of the great Legion Convention coming to Boston in October and we hope that every "Yank" will answer "here" to roll call, at the reveille on the morning of October 6th.

The spirit shown by the men of the Legion—and a goodly number of these are Yankee Division men—not only in Boston, etc., but throughout Massachusetts and to a large extent throughout New England—the anxiety to put over this great Convention successfully—the desire to serve voluntarily and to help in every way on the part of thousands and thousands, practically everyone, proves conclusively to me that this American Legion of ours, is the greatest factor in America today, for the good of our great Country.

The Massachusetts Department of The American Legion organized a Corporation of 76 men, representing the leaders of the Legion, leaders in the business, professional and social life of our community.

The Honorary President of this Corporation is New England's most distinguished citizen, the Honorable Calvin Coolidge.

The Honorary Chairman of our Board of Directors is New England's most honored soldier, Major General CLARENCE R. EDWARDS (LM).

The Corporation has formed 175 committees and sub-committees, comprising over 3000 men, who are now actively engaged in running the National Legion Convention to be held in Boston, October 6th to 10th.

Such committees as that on Finance, headed up by the Honorable Gaspar G. Bacon, consists of a group of 70 men—I firmly believe the most representative group of Legionnaires ever gotten together in this country. Their work is to raise $100,000 by voluntary subscriptions, for the Convention Fund. The plan is to have no other form of subscription or contribution, no advertising solicited, no donations or awards of any kind except through Gaspar Bacon's committee. The reception that we have received from the great institutions of this city is truly remarkable. Our public service corporations, our banks, merchants, manufacturers, hotels, railroads, theatres, and steamship lines, all without exception, express a great spirit of fine feeling for the service men of the World War, and more than that, are giving us their financial support.

The Publicity Committee headed up by Major PAUL H. HINES (M), is getting more publicity throughout the country than almost any meeting of this kind ever held. The Legion owes an everlasting debt of gratitude to the newspapers of Boston and to the press of the country.

The great Legion parade will probably be the most colorful thing of the Legion Convention. One can visualize the 58 departments of the American Legion including not only every State in the Union, but the various Territories and foreign countries where there are Legion posts. The tremendous task of planning and organizing this beautiful pageant is being handled by Past Department Commander, Dr. Wm. H. Griffin, and a splendid group of men from all over the State who are experienced in parades and formations and military work. We are proud to announce "The Old Man" is the Honorary Grand Marshal of this great parade.

The night of the great parade, Tuesday, October 7th, will be given over to reunions and here is where the Yankee Division will shine. Every unit in the Division will have its own reunion in Boston and it is anticipated that there will be at least about twenty-five or more reunions and between 6000 and 8000 men. General CHARLES H. COLE (LM) is the General Chairman of all the Yankee Division Reunions and he has appointed sub-committees covering every outfit. Every Yankee Division man who comes to the Convention is urgently requested to drop in at the YD Club, 200 Huntington Avenue, where we will keep open house, and where each man is urged to register so that our records may be accurate. If you want information about the reunion of your outfit, and you haven't heard as yet, write to General CHARLES H. COLE, c/o American Legion Convention Corporation, 602 Statler Building, Boston, Massachusetts, but whether you write or not be here to report for duty October 6th if possible but in any event October 7th for the big parade and the Yankee Division party.

Our Entertainment Committee, headed by Richard F. Paul, Department Commander, is divided into several sub-committees, each one handling a definite part of the entertainment program, such as the great Allied Ball, Midnight Frolic, the Mammoth Clambake, Commanders' Banquet, Water Carnival on the Charles River Basin, Band Concerts, Motor Boat Racing, Block Dancing, and Athletic Tournaments, such as football games, golf and boxing match.

The Committee on Decorations headed up by Colonel WILLIAM H. ROOT (LM) will make this old town a veritable fairyland night and day.

The Transportation Committee, under General CHARLES H. COLE (LM), have arranged with the railroads for the first time in history, east of the Mississippi, for a fare and one-third for divers routing—one fare for round trip going direct.

I only wish time and space would permit telling of the splendid work being done by all the other committees such as Aviation, Army and Navy, Concessions, Distinguished Guests, Halls, Housing, Information, Historic Tours, etc., etc.

One thing that is especially pleasing to all of us is the way the suburban cities and towns of Massachusetts are working on this convention. Towns like Arlington, Winchester, Lynn, East Lynn, Peabody, Plymouth, West Roxbury, and a dozen others have already made special appropriations either from the city or town itself or by public subscriptions, to entertain the Legion or certain delegations. Every town is planning to decorate fully and to hold open house. This spirit is spreading out through all New England. The moment a guest of the Convention crosses the New England border in any direction, there will be a welcoming sign and comrades to welcome him—right off it's old home week for him.

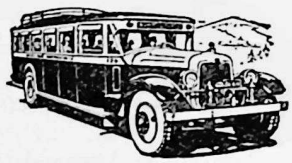
So many people in the far West, South and Middle West, who have never been East, feel that New England is cold and inhospitable, that it is our great ambition to send back home everyone of these over quarter of a million folks, with a feeling that this section of our country, Boston, Massachusetts, and all New England, is the warmest, most hospitable and the finest part of our great country.

We know that every Yankee Division man in Greater Boston, throughout New England and to a large extent throughout the country, will help us here to carry out this ambition.

Travel in

BOSTON & MAINE

Motor Coaches



Frequent Departures—Low Rates

Albany, N. Y.
Via Mohawk and Taconic Trails
$5.00 One Way — $9.00 Round Trip
8:15 a.m. Daily

Portland, Me.
$2.50 One Way — $4.00 Round Trip
8:45 a.m. 2:30 p.m.
12:30 p.m. 5:30 p.m.

Keene, N. H.
$2.25 One Way — $4.05 Round Trip

Manchester, N. H.
$1.00
Seven Trips Daily

Information — Reservations — Tickets

Travel Bureau - North Station
Phone Porter 5000

PARK SQUARE COACH TERMINAL
16 Columbus Avenue Phone Hubbard 3900

TENTATIVE PROGRAM
AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL CONVENTION

October 6th to 9th inc., 1930

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4th:

Harvard-Vermont Football Game. Stadium.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 5th:

2.00 P.M. Meeting of Legion Standing National Committees; Sight Seeing Tours Lexington and Concord, etc.
3.00 P.M. Tercentenary Pageant Float Parade.
8.00 P.M. Memorial meeting, Faneuil Hall (Cradle of Liberty).
9.00 P.M. Opening of the 40-8 National Convention, Horticultural Hall.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 6th:

10.00 A.M. Official opening of the Legion Convention (Boston Arena).
10.30 A.M. Motor Boat Racing (preliminaries) Charles River Basin.
1.00 P.M. Governors Luncheon to the President of the United States.
2.00 P.M. Motor Boat Racing (finals), Charles River Basin.
8.15, 2.30, 8.00 P.M. American Legion Auxiliary Convention Sessions.
2.30 P.M. Football Game, Boston College vs. Quantico Marines.
3.00 P.M. 40-8 Convention Session, Horticultural Hall.
3.00 P.M. Air demonstration (200 planes).
7.00 P.M. 40-8 Convention Torchlight Parade and National Wreck.
7.30 P.M. National Commander's Dinner.
8.00 P.M. The Night Aero Pageant.
9.00 P.M. Historic Pageant (illuminated floats) Charles River Basin.
9.00 P.M. Band Concerts, embankment Charles River Basin.
10.00 P.M. Gorgeous Fireworks display, Charles River Basin.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 7th:

8.15 A.M. Chamber of Commerce Breakfast.
10.00 A.M. Legion Parade (60,000 to 75,000 in line) column 28 miles long, the most colorful parade ever held in New England.
7.00 P.M. All States Dinner (American Legion Auxiliary, Symphony Hall)
8.00 P.M. Carnival Night—Block Dancing Lafayette Mall and Copley Square.
8.30 P.M. Boxing Tournament. Boston Garden. Elks, K. of C. and Shriners.
11.00 P.M. Forty and Eight—Eight and Forty Banquet. (Hotel Statler).
All evening Dinners and Reunions of War Time Units and State Delegations.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 8th:

9.00 A.M. American Legion and American Legion Auxiliary Convention Sessions, Boston Arena and Symphony Hall.
2.00 P.M. Band Contests—Schoolboy Stadium in Fenway. Bugle and Drum Corps Contests (preliminaries), Fenway Park.
Harbor Trip and Old Fashioned Clambake.
3.00 P.M. Naval Demonstration—Boston Harbor and Massachusetts Bay.
8.00 P.M. Contests (finals), Fenway Park.
9.00 P.M. Elaborate Fireworks display, featuring Pre-Armistice barrage. (Fenway Park).
9.30 P.M. Historic Costume Pageant, Military Ball, Midnight Frolic. (Boston Arena).

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9th:

9.00 A.M. Final business sessions of Conventions.
Entertainment of visiting delegations by surrounding cities and towns.
International Fishermen's Races—Gloucester.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11th:

Harvard-Springfield Football Game—Stadium. Yale-Georgia Football Game, Yale Bowl, New Haven.

In addition, on each day of the Convention, there will be special historic trips and tours in and around Boston, special theatrical performances featuring war time instances; divisional reunions, states dinners and numerous other features.

Communities participations enabled by special State law authorizing all Massachusetts cities and towns to appropriate and expend moneys for entertainment during Legion National Convention, all of the cities and towns near Boston are planning to entertain departments, posts and units, or bands and drum corps in their communities each day; because of this being the Tercentenary of the Massachusetts Bay Colony most communities are celebrating "Old Home Week" during the Legion Convention.

Lexington and Concord are planning reproductions of the famous battles of Lexington and Concord, daily, during the Convention and other communities are planning daily historic pageants.

The Auxiliary is training 1000 members as historic guides.

Unusual reduced rates to the Convention from all over America have been arranged permitting diverse routing. Special rates will be available Parade Day, October 7th, also. Local trolley and bus service arranged to all points of interest, including Pullman parking areas, automobile parking and camping areas, steamship docks.

TO YD MEN WHO ARE NOT LEGIONNAIRES

All members of the Yankee Division Veterans Association planning to attend the big times in Boston during the Legion National Convention should join the American Legion at once if they are not already members. A paid-up membership card is required if one is to participate in the many events on the program.

LEGION PARADE ROUTE

The parade of the American Legion on Tuesday, October 7, will be the greatest single feature of Convention Week, and probably the most impressive spectacle of its kind ever seen in Boston. It is expected that 75,000 Legionnaires will be in line and that the column will take over seven hours to pass a point.

The official route has been approved and is as follows: Starting at the corner of Massachusetts Avenue and Beacon Street, following Beacon Street to Tremont, School to Washington to Adams Square, Dock Square, Congress Street to Milk to Federal to High to Summer to Winter to Tremont to Stuart to Columbus Avenue to corner of Massachusetts Avenue. The route is about 4½ miles long.

YANKEE DIVISION REUNIONS

REUNIONS OF YANKEE DIVISION UNITS

The General Committee on YD Reunions, under the chairmanship of General Charles H. Cole (LM), appointed by the Executive Committee of the Yankee Division Veterans Association for the purpose of arranging a group of reunions of the several outfits composing the Yankee Division, met at the Boston City Club on Wednesday, August 6, about fifty men, representing nearly every unit of the Division, being present.

It was decided at that meeting to form a smaller general committee, composed of the chairman and secretary and one member from each regiment or separate battalion of the Division. Philip N. Sanborn (M) was elected Secretary, and the choice of the outfit representatives was left to the organizations themselves. Each organization was instructed to form a working sub-committee which should have full power to make reunion plans, the sole restriction being that the night of Tuesday, October 7, should be chosen as the reunion date. These sub-committees were to call on the general committee for assistance in obtaining suitable quarters for holding their banquets. They were also to appoint one of their number, preferably a resident of Greater Boston to represent their outfit on the general committee.

The units which drew their original personnel from around the Metropolitan district were well represented and the work of organization was comparatively easy. Those from outside of Massachusetts presented greater difficulties—not because of any less interest and enthusiasm,—but because the sub-committees must needs be formed of men in the state where the regiment was originally formed, and most of the liaison work done by mail.

It is almost certain that every outfit of the Division will have a reunion on the evening of October 7, but some of the sub-committees, being slower than the others in organizing, it is impossible to give full details of the meeting places of all in this issue. Remember that this number of Doings goes to press about three weeks before you receive it. However, the important part to note is this:

UPON ARRIVING IN BOSTON TO ATTEND THE LEGION CONVENTION, COME TO THE YD CLUB, 200 HUNTINGTON AVENUE. FULL INFORMATION AS TO THE MEETING PLACE OF YOUR ORGANIZATION WILL BE AVAILABLE AT THAT TIME AND WILL BE FURNISHED YOU.

Of course, it will greatly simplify the work of the committees if you can make your reservations before that late date, and with that purpose in mind, a brief summary of the state of progress made by each unit, and the name of the person to contact is given below. Also, elsewhere in this number, the meeting places of the outfits which have already made their selections are given.

26th DIVISION HEADQUARTERS: John W. Hyatt (M), Westwood, Mass.

HEADQUARTERS TROOP: Reunion at Engineers Club, 2 Commonwealth Avenue.

101st INFANTRY: Large committee met at YD Club, Monday, August 18, under leadership of Gen. Edward L. Logan (M). Secretary, George R. Roberts (M) 110 Oxford Road, Newton, Mass.

102nd INFANTRY: New Regimental Veterans Association formed at New Haven. President, Col. Harry Bissell (M); Secretary, A. R. Teta (M);

Treasurer, PHILIP H. ENGLISH (M). Write A. R. TETA, Box 1826, New Haven, Conn. Greater Boston representative, PAUL H. HINES (M), 194 Boylston Street, Boston.

103rd INFANTRY: Reunion, Hotel Westminster.

104th INFANTRY: Adjutant 104th Infantry Veterans Association, LAWRENCE A. WAGNER (M), 201 Oak Street, Holyoke, Mass. Plans well under way. Boston representative, EDWIN A. HOLMES (M), 180 Highland Avenue, Winthrop, Mass.

101st FIELD ARTILLERY: Sub-committee organized under Gen. ERLAND FISH (LM). Secretary, ROYAL G. TUFTS (M), 330 Linwood Avenue, Newtonville, Mass.

102nd FIELD ARTILLERY: Notices of banquet have been mailed. Secretary, F. W. FOSS (M), 33 Hancock Street, Boston, Mass.

103rd FIELD ARTILLERY: Committee organized in Providence. Contact, RAYMER B. WEEDEN (M), 111 Weybossett Street, Providence, R. I.

101st MACHINE GUN BATTALION: President of Battalion Veterans Association, H. HOLBROOK HYDE (M), 23 Stratford Road, West Hartford, Conn.

102nd MACHINE GUN BATTALION: Reunion will be held in American House, Hanover Street, Boston.

103rd MACHINE GUN BATTALION: Plans incomplete.

101st ENGINEERS: Sub-committee formed under Col. JOHN OSBORN (M), with members from each Company. Secretary, L. H. REDFIELD (M), 17 Court Street, Boston.

101st FIELD SIGNAL BATTALION: Sub-committee formed under chairmanship of JOSEPH SIMMONS (M), 17 Grove Street, Greenwood, Mass.

101st SANITARY TRAIN: Sub-committee representing all Field Hospitals and Ambulance Companies formed. Chairman, DR. WILLIAM H. BLANCHARD (M), 1069 Boylston Street, Boston.

101st AMMUNITION TRAIN: Plans incomplete.

101st SUPPLY TRAIN: Plans incomplete.

101st TRAIN HQ. AND M.P.'s: Plans incomplete.

101st TRENCH MORTAR BATTERY: Plans incomplete.

REMEMBER: CALL AT THE YD CLUB ON ARRIVAL IN BOSTON FOR LAST MINUTE DETAILS.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

Following is a partial list of the places selected for outfit reunions on the night of October 7.

Headquarters Troop: Engineers' Club, 2 Commonwealth Ave., Boston.

101st Infantry: Copley Plaza Hotel.

102nd Infantry: Elks Hotel.

103rd Infantry: Hotel Westminster.

104th Infantry: American House.

101st Field Artillery: American House.

102nd Field Artillery: Hotel Brunswick.

103rd Field Artillery: No place selected.

101st Engineers: Boston Athletic Ass'n.

101st F. Signal Bn.: Army and Navy Club.

102nd M. G. Battalion: American House.

101st Sanitary Train: Cambridge Elks Club, Cambridge, Mass., 8:00 P.M. Tickets $3.50 including Dinner and Entertainment. Please secure reservations in advance from your company chairman.

For organizations not listed, call at the YD Club for late information.

101ST FIELD ARTILLERY REUNION

There will be a reunion and banquet of the 101st Field Artillery Veterans Ass'n at the American House on Hanover Street at 9 p.m. on the day of the Legion parade, October 7th. The password is "$3.00" to all members of the Regiment. (This includes the Pill-Rollers, as they may be needed.)

101ST FIELD SIGNAL BATTALION REUNION

The Reunion of the 101st Field Signal Battalion, on October 7, will be at the Army and Navy Club, 69 Hancock Street, Boston.

103rd INFANTRY REUNION

Plans are under way for a reunion of the 103rd Infantry to be held on October 7, during the Boston Convention. The committee consists of Gen. GREENLAW, President; Col. F. M. HUME (M), Maine; CHARLES R. CABOT (M), Massachusetts; ELIOT CARTER (M), New Hampshire; Dr. CARL WEBSTER, Vermont, and E. K. HALE (M), Secretary of the 103rd Association. Registration fee will be 50 cents. Send to Sec. E. K. HALE (M), Lisbon Falls, Maine.

Notices will be sent out in regard to further details. We would also like to have all members of the 103rd send the Secretary their names, company and address to bring our files up to date.

—E. K. H. (M)

Latest

The Regimental Reunion on the night of October 7, will be held at the Hotel Westminster, Copley Square, Boston, at 7:00 o'clock.

Save this date. Register at the YD Club for your reservation and ticket, and BE THERE!

Any ex-members of the Band will be expected to rehearse so that "Houn' Dawg" can be rendered as it ought to be.

102ND FIELD ARTILLERY REUNION

The Reunion of the 102nd Field Artillery on the evening of October 7, will be at the Hotel Brunswick, Boylston Street, corner Clarendon.

THE SUNKEN ROAD AT VAUX

We had followed them fast since daybreak,
Our sullen defeated foe,
But they showed their teeth when we pressed them,
As the heaps of our dead could show.
Then they countered us hard at the Sunken Road
Which winds through the town of Vaux.

Like the waves of the sea they struck us,
The burst of a pent-up flood,
And they fell by tens and hundreds,
Their bodies sprawled in the mud;
While our rifles rolled like an angry drum
And the road ran red with blood.

'Twas then like a flash I saw him,
As he sprang to the roadway there,
His helmet had fallen from him,
His glorious head was bare.
And his eyes shone blue as his Saxon skies,
'Neath the blood soaked gold of his hair.

With the sound of a wounded lion,
Right up to our line he came;
We slaughtered his men beside him,
But his hand still spurted flame.
And I saw him laugh in that sink of death,
As though he enjoyed the game.

Our eyes just met for a moment,
But it seemed like a life time's span;
I suddenly felt I'd known him
Since the day when his life began.
As our weapons flamed with a roar of hate,
I knew I could love that man.

We fired at the self same moment,
My helmet spun on my head,
And out from his throat there spurted
A sinister stream of red.
No need for a second shot was there,
I knew that my man was dead.

He fell in the blood soaked roadway,
Where a heap of his comrades lay,
And just where he fell we left him,
For the wave had rolled away.
And we moved again o'er that corpse-strewn plain,
'Till the close of that endless day.

And now in the still night watches,
He'll come and I see him stand,
But his eyes hold a look of friendship,
As he offers an outstretched hand.
And he smiles as I strive to reach it there,
So I feel he must understand.

But some day I hope I'll clasp it,
And some day I hope I'll know,
Why he with his youth and courage
Should be chosen the one to go;
Why I should be here to watch for him,
And he should lie there at Vaux.

—*Anon.*

YD MEN IN GOVERNMENT

Although before this issue of DOINGS sees the light of day, it is possible that the primaries may kill off some of the many YD men who are aspirants for elective offices of the State and Nation, it is sincerely to be hoped they all survive not only the primaries but the election in November as well.

It is quite probable that the names of many such candidates have escaped the attention of DOINGS, but the following are known to be in the running, and each and every one of them has the best wishes of their comrades of the old Division.

SLATER WASHBURN (M) (C Batt., 101st F. A.), candidate for Congressman from the Worcester district. Col. WASHBURN is no novice in legislative affairs, having been a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives for several terms.

JOHN COMERFORD (M) (M. G. Co., 101st Inf.), candidate for Mass. Legislature from Brookline.

RUSSELL D. CHASE (C Co., 101st Engrs.) of Springfield, candidate for the office of State Treasurer.

JOHN J. WALSH (M) (C Co., 101st Inf.), candidate for Representative from Ward 15, Boston.

EDWARD C. REARDON (H Co., 101st Inf.), candidate for Governor's Council.

And although not a YD man by "birth," yet very much one by adoption, Hon. A. PIATT ANDREW (HM) is facing a contest in Essex County, for re-election to Congress, from which he is bound to emerge victorious.

The same goes for BILLY CONNERY (M) of Lynn. These two sterling old soldiers and fine gentlemen, one a Republican and the other a Democrat, the best of friends, can keep on going to Congress as long as they like, although to be truthful, we expect to see one or the other of them in the Upper House some day.

"DRIVIN' AHEAD"

SOCONY

BANNER GASOLINE

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
OF NEW YORK

for Parking
and all garage services

YD SERVICE GARAGE
341 NEWBURY STREET
(Near Mass. Ave.)

J. DALLAS CORBIERE (M)
Manager

for 24-Hour FORD SERVICE
HOOVER & CORBIERE
Authorized Ford Dealers
AT THE MOTOR MART
PARK SQUARE

HUBBARD 3380

Telephone *Hancock 5050*

T. O. METCALF COMPANY
PRINTERS
152 PURCHASE STREET
BOSTON

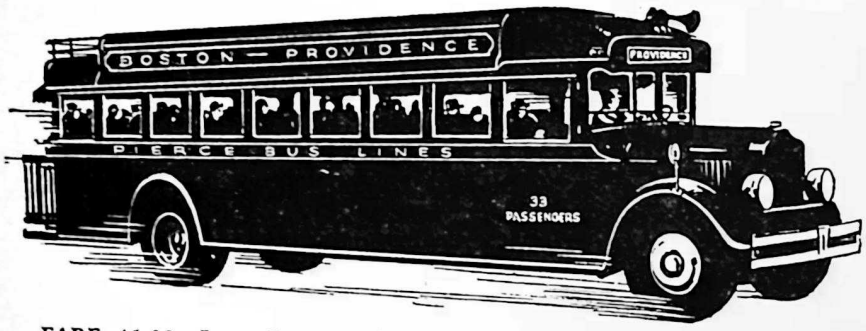
HOTEL MINERVA
"In the Heart of the Real Boston"

While in Boston for the Convention, have your meals in the Minerva Cafe or Cafeteria.

Excellent Food
Reasonable Prices

214 HUNTINGTON AVENUE
BOSTON

BOSTON-PROVIDENCE EXPRESS



FARE, $1.00—Leave Boston and Providence Every Hour on the Hour.

PIERCE BUS LINES
Coast to Coast Service

Terminals:

BOSTON: PARK SQUARE
Cor. Eliot and Broadway
Tel. HANcock 5218—4952

PROVIDENCE
Only Independent Motor Coach Terminal
28 FOUNTAIN ST.
Tel. Dexter 2790

40 HOMMES — 8 CHEVAUX
is *ONE* way to travel
But for
CONVENIENCE *and* COMFORT
take the

B & W

RED COACH STAR LINES

BOSTON — WORCESTER
Hourly service in both directions from 7 a.m. to 11 p.m., via Wayside Inn. Intermediate stops. Running time 2 hours. Fare $1.25, round trip $2.

BOSTON — SPRINGFIELD
Coaches leave Boston 8:45 a.m., 12:45 p.m., 4:45 p.m. Leave Springfield 9:45 a.m., 1:45 p.m., 5:45 p.m. Time 3½ hours. Fare $3, round trip $5.

BOSTON — NEW YORK
Three trips daily. Leave Boston 9 a.m. and 10 p.m. via Worcester, Springfield, Hartford, arrive 7 p.m. and 7 a.m. Leave 12 noon via Shore line, arrive 9:30 p.m. Return trips from New York at same hours. Fare, $4.

BOSTON — ALBANY
Coach leaves Boston daily at 8:35 a.m. Fare, $5.

RED STAR TERMINAL
10 Park Square Boston, Mass.

Compliments

NEW ENGLAND TRANSPORTATION CO.

Motor Coaches — Everywhere

When in Boston Take the

GRAY LINE COACHES

AT THE HOTEL STATLER
or
HOTEL COPLEY PLAZA

FOR ALL SIGHTSEEING TOURS

Motor Coaches to Rent for Special Parties and Tours

Telephone COMmonwealth 6700

NOW I'LL TELL A FEW

By George W. Twombly (M)

"Meals We Have Et" in the June issue and "More Meals" in the July-August issue reminded me of some that I have "et" and some that I've seen "et" by others.

You know those large, thick triangular raspberry turnovers—aren't they delicious? Well, one noon in Boston a man ordered one of them and a cup of coffee. No, nothing unusual in that, but I saw him dip the turnover into the coffee and then he opened his yap, seemingly easy enough, and proceeded to finish the "lunch" in that manner. That was a new one on me.

One hot morning I was at breakfast when a truck driver came in. I heard him say, "Gee, I'm hungry!" What do you suppose he ordered to appease his appetite? Just this—a glass of orange-ade, toast and ice cream!

But to return to War Daze (excuse me) FRANK GFROERER (M) had the right idea when he shelled out to Madame and let her buy and cook the "eats." Four of us used to do that very often, the ten days that we were at Grancey-sur-Ourcq, Cote d'Or.

And speaking of that town brings to my mind how terribly we ate for several days. At that time I was with Headquarters Company, 101st Infantry: my diary says that on August 17, 1918, ". . . Mess is awful. At noon we had only two flapjacks with nothing at all on them, hard tack and sugarless, milkless and coffeeless coffee." Therefore we hunted for and found a woman who cooked us steaks, peas, carrots and fried potatoes and made coffee that same day. On the 19th we breakfasted on one slice of bread, syrup and coffee, but that night madame had for us rabbit fricassee, fried potatoes, string beans and chocolate.

And that is quite different from a meal (?) near Verdun once when another fellow and I had hard tack, English jam which had been sent to him, and a pound can of hard candies which had just come to me. But my idea of nothing at all was seeing a fellow in Eccomoy indulging in blood-sausage and a glass of milk! Ugh!

I'd prefer what four of us had one night in Bazoilles—what was that town called, Bazoilles-on-the-Moose? This was on December 27, 1917 when I was invited to a Christmas party by some fellows from Baltimore. We had soup, lobster a la Newburg, peas, plum pudding, cheese, crackers and coffee. That was the night that I got the 7:45 train at 8:30 and then it was ten minutes ahead of the time that it usually arrived! Or how does this appeal to you? Creamed eggs with mushrooms in a fine crust, sliced meat on platter surrounded by potato balls, string beans, Brussels sprouts and —coffee ice cream, cake and pears! That was what I had for luncheon on December 31, 1917 at Villa Garcin, Neufchateau. Afterwards there was black coffee in the drawing room with music and tea at four o'clock. Yes, indeed, I am writing of war days!—Some war!

Flying north to Terny-Sorny and skipping to February, let's enter a large cave, saying nothing about the big rats but only of the kindness of the French soldiers who gave us—one cold night—potato stew, thick and delicious, meat cakes and bread and jam. A few days later in our private dug-out on the side of the hill this is what we had on February 22. "We had a fine time last night. MAKER made the cocoa: a Frenchman gave me a loaf of bread for my jam: ROSS opened his jar of preserves which he'd been saving and BARLOW gave me his can of tongue which his relatives had sent from England. DUPONT toasted the bread in the fireplace which he and two others made." Those were the times when I used to feel sorry that our folks didn't know just what we were doing.

Did anybody besides the Signalers ever have trouble with hornets flying on their karo and bread just as they were about to put it into their mouths? Or did you ever wonder why the syrup wouldn't come out of the can when you knew there was plenty there, only to find that it was jammed with hornets? That happened to us when we were in Messy. I'll stop before you get ptomaine poisoning.

JULY 18, 1918

A clipping from the *Chicago Tribune*, forwarded to YANKEE DOINGS by GEORGE H. JOHNSON (M) (F Batt., 102nd F. A.) has to do with the recent publication, under the auspices of Germany's national archives, of a volume of "Battles of the World War" by Alfred Stenger, Col. L. Lange, and Capt. K. Herrmann. The authors were able to avail themselves of all the secret documents of the German Army, and the book is looked upon as the most authentic analysis of the war yet presented from the German side.

Among other things the Allied offensive of July 18, 1918 is treated at some length and the authors declare that it was undoubtedly the turning point of the war. In attempting to explain the Allies' success in this engagement, the authors say:

> "In every other offensive, German or allied, the enemy had an inkling of the impending conflict, but on July 18, the troops in the trenches were taken unawares. Brigadiers and division commanders as well as the chiefs of the army and G. H. Q. were taken by surprise."

"ROLL PACKS, WE'RE MOVIN'"

By Philip N. Sanborn (M)

What a series of fleeting pictures come back at those words!

Going from the coast to our first training area—our first ride in 40 and 8's—JOHN CASWELL (M), whose portliness of frame bespoke the dignity of his rank as Regimental Ordnance Sergeant, elected to spend his nocturnal and recumbent hours on the upper layer, which was unfortunate as he would have made such an excellent mattress for two or three men. More still to be deplored, from a purely personal viewpoint, my own position in the sub-strata happened to be just beneath. With a canteen for a pillow and John's 250 pounds for a coverlet, that WAS a night! It was November and cold. At one of the numerous and sundry stops immortalized on canvas for all time by P. O. PALMSTROM (M), after attending to the urgent affairs symbolized in his maspiece, time was still left for a little discreet and selective salvaging. An iron salamander and a few blocks of coal from a locomotive tender looked as if they might come in handy, and were immediately rustled aboard. Alas, however, for the schemes of man. Next morning, in the gray hours, as I was awakened from a sort of stupor induced by compression of the carcass by the train jolting to a stop, I became aware of a tremendous clamor and tumult among the brother sardines. Even John consented to dismount from my supine frame—indication that matters of great moment were afoot. Crawling to unsteady feet, I beheld four stalwart and voluble figures engaged in extricating from the furthest and darkest corner of the car a limp and horizontal form. With dragging and cursing he was thus escorted to the door and dropped to the ground. SAWYER (M) pill-rolling sergeant,—first gas casualty of the Yankee Division, and no stripe to show for it. The coal gas did it. After the liberal application, both external and internal, of the contents of canteens (the former contained only water), he began to show signs of life, whereat he was greeted with yells of "C.C. and iodine." Whether this or the fact that the train gave a sudden start, I can't say, but about that time his recovery seemed to be complete, and he clambered aboard, albeit with some assistance. After that when the fire was burning we kept the doors open.

Another ride of more pleasant memory was that from Chateau Thierry back to the Chatillon rest area, along in the middle of August. Another lowly private and I were detailed to guard one of the battalion combat wagons which occupied an entire flat car. Part of the wagon equipment was two canvas litters which were immediately unrolled and set up on their little 4-inch legs beneath the wagon. The night was warm and starlit, and the sensation of jogging along, half dozing, through peaceful valleys and sleeping villages, with all the constellations of Heaven wheeling their eternal orbits between the silhouetted spokes of the wagon wheels is one long to be remembered. Morning dawned cloudless; the stretchers were returned to their places, blankets folded into cushions as we mounted to the high driver's seat and rolled along through the sylvan fields of the Cote d'Or on an observation platform all our own.

Then the hikes! The expecting to stay some place, the preparations for a meagre degree of comfort, only to be ordered out and started on the move. Three incidents of that kind occur to me.

The five-day hike back from the Chemin des Dames—a gruelling 25 kilometers this particular day. Finally the little village of Colombey for the night—a soft billet in a hay loft—the luxury of rest—delectable odors from the soup-gun in the courtyard below—friendly blinking lights in the tiny cafe across the street—promising an evening of warmth and good fellowship. A bugle note, the top-kick's voice, "Roll Packs, We're Movin'."

That stealthy, nocturnal, creeping up under cover of darkness which preceded St. Mihiel. A rainy September day in a beautiful grove of old beeches near Bar-le-Duc. Word passed around at evening mess, "We stay here tonight." A cozy, dry house made of a tarpaulin stretched across two tent ropes spliced together and stretched between the trees. Blankets spread out, candles lighted and stuck on iron hats. A yawn, a sigh, patter of rain on the canvas, some month-old paper from home pulled out and scanned in the flickering light. A sudden running up and down outside, the exhaust of a motorcycle, shouts. "All right fellers, roll packs, we're movin' up."

The wheat fields of the Etrepilly Plateau. We had filled holes in the road all morning and hiked with full packs all afternoon. A dense wood: "Fall out, pitch tents." BOB MILLAR (M) and I decided comfort for one night was worth the effort, and with unsheathed bayonets ventured forth to cut down and lug back great armfuls of wheat with which to carpet the bare earth floor of our tent. In the last glow of sunset we looked in on our smoothly-spread blankets over the soft and springy cushion of wheat and smiled at the thought of our own cleverness. Lined up for mess word was passed along, "We're going into the line as Infantry: over the top at daybreak! Hustle your chow, roll packs, we're movin' in."

But that early morning at Brest, in March, 1919, was worth all the discomfort that went before. The transports swung at anchor in the harbor. Our last night in France had passed. Down the company street in the semi-darkness of early morning came the shout—for once greeted with a cheer—"Rise and Shine; Roll Packs, We're Movin'."

NO-MAD-ICS

By "Ted" Noyes (M)

"Aachen," Aix-la-Chapelle, passed with its "Douane" or customs, and Liege, where we change for Brussels. The Flemish language is spoken more than French, but to really be polite one sticks to French even if it be the "Soldier" type.

Our entrance into Brussels is the "Gare du Nord," seething with traffic to the Channel ports, the north country, Holland and Antwerp that very busy port on the Scheldt.

We are more at home here than anywhere yet on our tour. The language is more familiar, customs more natural and we are put at ease by the courteous treatment accorded us. (Reminding one of those war day kindnesses.)

Our hotel, or the P. C. for this sector, is right in the center of everything. A few steps and we are on the "Boulevard Jardin Bottinique," from which we can orient ourselves as need be. This long and very pretty boulevard cuts the center of the city and is one of the main thoroughfares where an endless line of taxis and trams parades all day and part of the night.

Walking up the tree-lined boulevard (this would make a hard hike,) passing some of the stores where Milady's finery is displayed with real sales art, we come to the "Jardin Bottinique," with its array of flowers and trees from all over the world. Surely an attractive sight to the lovers of nature. Hours may be spent here in the glory of the bees.

A large square, dominated by the ever-present, so-called *kiosk,* one of the *portes* of the city. In olden times, the moat probably ran at the bottom of the hill, and to enter the city it was necessary to call the Corporal of the Guard.—What a novelty!

The Palace of the King is a large stone building, well patrolled by those khaki-clad soldiers of the Belgian army, who, though they seem diminutive, have authority enough to run you through if the bounds are overstepped. The statue of Leopold the 1st (the present Regent's father) faces East, the direction from which came the Invading Horde, in 1914. Large gardens, stone walks, high trees, all go to shelter the privacy of the King.

The cleanliness of the streets reminds us of the Dutch brother a bit North, and the houses, both interior and exterior, small or large, are kept spotless with plenty of police-work. This is a morning detail, the steps are scrubbed before breakfast. Some of our old time sergeants would have been decorated if THEIR details had worked this well.

The sidewalk terrace-cafe, is as popular here as we will find it in France. After any walk it is always the custom to take refreshments at one of these places, and though Belgium is a semi-prohibition country, many colorful liquids are served.

The laws of the country do not allow the sale of alcoholic beverages other than in two litre quantities, for home consumption. Rigidly enforced.

For the coolest place on a hot day in Brussels, we choose the inviting *stockell,* the race course in the woods.

Here are run the steeplechase races, over a very well-conducted course. The *haies* or hurdles laid around the track remind us much of Belmont in New York. It is situated very near to the city and there are excellent transportation facilities.

This track was used by the German officers during the war as a riding school and some horse racing was done as the cannon boomed only a few miles away.

Our experience with betting on horses has caused many a heartache but it wouldn't seem like a race without a few francs bet. Courageous, we take a ticket from one of the bookies, though there are pari-mutual machines as well, and stroll out to the grandstand.

It is an army officers' obstacle race, and as any of these may win, we stand a chance. (Of course, one must be optimistic, regardless.)

Fate is kind. The horse we have crosses about a head ahead of his nearest rival and with a bit of proudness we are returned 2 to 1. NOT TOO BAD. The lure of the "Bar"—an unquenchable thirst—causes investigation, and "light wines and beer" may be had by the sufferers.

When racing is over, the hour for tea-dancing is right, so combining tea and aperitif, the well recommended "L'ABBAYE," will do us nicely.

The name "L'ABBAYE," is a little misconstrued. I don't think that it has ever been patronized by any of the Holy Fathers, but then there are *beaucoup* "Nun-Such" "belles," or the younger tea set, who seem to have no other occupation than dancing their life away.

"Le Monnaire," the Opera, supported as a national institution, by the King, has "Madame Butterfly" for this evening. Being an admirer of Puccini and for an opportunity of seeing the interior of this very famous theatre, we arrange for tickets from the old *concierge* at the hotel. He has a breast covered with medals, (patronize the "Vets") and after a good hearty dinner, we are seated before the opus begins.

The hour of jazz approaching as the curtain falls on the fair maid doing a "Hari-Cari"; a round of a few of the "Nite-Clubs," (splitting a cold bottle) and off for a few hours sleep.

Morning—hurried breakfast at the "Deutsche Club,"—more francs at the American Express—the "Gare du Nord"—wrong station—"Gare du Midi"—just in time—the train starts to the old familiar TOOT of the conductor's fish horn—we're OFF.

Ostende, that spot by the sea, close to the ace of watering places (and friend of the cross-word

puzzler) Spa, (why couldn't we have traveled like this in 1918?) long stretch of beach, a winding Esplanade. "Toutes les Femmes Ellegantes" doing their stuff on this promenade. Boy, I'm glad I came!

Here again we see the bathing machines as in Holland; the surf is tempting (even BEN JAMES (M) could do a crawl here) and the *femmes* in bathing costumes are more so. Tempting, I mean.

We have to admit that the costumes are in the "mode" and would cause plenty of scandal if worn on one of our local beaches, but there is Freedom here, if anywhere.

The terrace is as good a vantage point as there is, and a long cool drink while taking in the wonders of Nature would not be amiss.

The sea, as seen from our terrace, was formerly a race-track for U-boats, (years past) and many a game of hide-and-go-seek was played out front here. We readily see that in the next conflict the Navy will be worth considering if they have this kind of rest camps.

Tea-Dancing in the Ambassadeurs, with a whirl at *boule,* (almost roulette) stand near a table watching "bacarrat" and "chemin de fer," the latter being very appropriately named "railroad." (When you lose it's the fast express.)

All sorts of entertainment is offered the customers, for which the losers eventually pay, even a revue of about six acts and scenes. The entrance fee is very small, and the Casino is filled daily.

The yachts in the harbor, many flying the English flag, make us think of our own coast of New England and who's sailing down the Bay.

It is only a short run across the Channel from the coast of England and many a week-end party is had here, rather than at home.

Our love of sea bathing satisfied for the moment back to Brussels to re-roll the pack and there gather up a few loose ends. Soon we will need a "squad-bag" to cart around the mementoes of this trip or find a Supply-Sergeant to take care of them. (Who said there was an honest one?)

A couple of dozen post cards, views of the sights we missed, sent off to our friends—another look in the stores—have we missed anyone?—and we are away to the district where History was made in 1914.

Our choice of several methods of travel: probably the most novel would be to fly, thus giving us a chance to view the whole battle-terrain as our aviators peeked at it some years ago.

The flying field in Brussels takes care of more traffic than we would imagine. Planes en route to the different countries, make a stopping place to exchange mail and freight for points north and east. The Royal Dutch—Belair—and Luft-Hansa lines.

At the field—our passage booked—we have a moment to be mechanical minded.

Our plane is a Fokker FVII, cabin type, seating eighteen passengers and two pilots. The pilot's cockpit forward—dual controls—the dash a mass of dials and gauges, clocks, tiny levers and other devices—looks confusing enough and we are content to go back and sit down.

With a roar of the motors, we taxi into the wind—start down the field at a terrific rate—the ground seems to fall away—we are in the air and our speed seems to diminish as we rise higher and higher—the sensation is that of a speedy elevator—here we are going along at 100 miles an hour, the cruising speed of these big ships.

The panorama before and below, looking like a huge bas-relief map, shows up clearly. We are lucky having a good day for visibility.

Enough altitude now, we head west and south till the coal mines of Mons loom ahead. This was the scene of hard fighting in 1914. As we look to the east we may imagine the advancing troops covering this whole area. Vegetation and Mother Nature have successfully rid this ground of its scars. Here and there a chalky line (the ruins of an old C. T.) a few stone houses—ruins once—nothing of the glamour—"All Quiet on the Western Front"—"In Flanders Field."

Mons—the railway station here had the distinction of being blown apart more times than the Cloth Hall in Ypres.

"Le Foret de Compiegne,"—black and forbidding to us from the air.

We have crossed the frontier—our baggage will be inspected at Le Bourget.

The change is hardly noticed—cattle grazing—we are undoubtedly thrilled—back in France again—spiraling down—the same field where Lindy came down one night a while ago and electrified the world with his accomplishment—

"LE BOURGET"
"PARIS, C'EST UNE BLONDE,"
IL N'Y A PAS LE REGIME SEC, MONSIEUR BROWN.

HONOR DILBOY'S MEMORY

High tribute was paid to the memory of GEORGE DILBOY, outstanding hero in the World War, and one of only two Yankee Division men (both killed) to be awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor, at the dedication of a bronze bust of him on the grounds outside City Hall, Somerville.

United States Senator David I. Walsh, Minister Charalampos I. Simopoulos of Greece, high dignitaries of the Greek Orthodox Church and supreme officers of the Order of Ahepa, donors of the memorial, joined to laud the exploits and the sacrifice of young Dilboy.

The city was gayly decorated in bunting, pennants and the flag of the Greek republic as more than 8000 paraded through the streets from Foss Park to City Hall. In line were units of the regular army, navy, marine corps, national guard, Veterans of Foreign Wars, American Legion, United Spanish War Veterans and G. A. R., and the family and relatives of GEORGE DILBOY and delegates of Ahepa.

DO NOT BE DECEIVED

THE BEST IN DRY CLEANING

Requires

Quality in materials used
Care in handling
Expert attention

We Have Only One Service

LEWANDOS

46 Temple Place
284 Boylston Street
29 State Street
Galen Street Watertown

Telephones
MIDdlesex 5700
BACk Bay 3900

You Can Rely on Lewandos

YD MEN . . . .

Going places?

Here's the best way—

CHARTER A SPECIAL BUS!

For special parties, outings, trips to Convention Meetings and Resorts, Boston Elevated Buses provide ideal and economical transportation. Driven by trained and responsible chauffeurs under expert supervision. Rates: 60c. per mile. Waiting time, $1 per hour. Minimum charge, $7.50. Buses seat 29 to 39 persons each. For further information, phone HANcock 1800.

Park Where the "El" Begins

BOSTON ELEVATED RAILWAY

THE BUTCHER POLISH CO.

84 BROAD STREET

BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

Welcome Yankee Division to the Home of the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company

Home Office Building of the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co.

IN the immediate vicinity of Copley Square and Back Bay Station, having entrances on Stuart Street, Clarendon Street and St. James Avenue. In the heart of Convention activities, adjacent to Hotel Statler, Hotel Copley Plaza, the Cadet Armory, Arena, Horticultural Hall, Symphony Hall, University Club, Boston Athletic Association, Public Gardens, Boston Common, Trinity Church, New Old South Church, Boston Public Library, and Boston Art Museum.

One of the official Legion Bureaus of Information will be maintained in the John Hancock Building during business hours. Of special interest will be an office maintained by the U. S. Veterans Bureau to advise and inform Veterans on any question relating to their War Risk Insurance.

All conveniently located at the main entrance of the JOHN HANCOCK BUILDING on Clarendon Street.

On Exhibition and Supplied on Request

Facsimile copies of the Declaration of Independence, Hymn America, Map of New England, together with interesting historical booklets—Old Ironsides, Paul Revere, Samuel and John Adams, John Winthrop, George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, etc.

YD

John Hancock
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

A SUMMARY OF THE HISTORY OF THE 26th DIVISION, A. E. F.

By Philip N. Sanborn (M)

For one who lived through these epic days of glory and of terror, of humor and pathos, of comedy and tragedy, to attempt to compress between the covers of a single volume a true picture of the life of the Yankee Division in France is to attempt the impossible. How much more futile to try to confine such a topic to the brief limitations of a few columns! The real story, as we know it, lies not in the printed pages of history; not in dull statistics of prisoners captured or kilometers gained; but in the comradeship of a thousand smoky billet fires; the remorse felt for some pal who fell by our side; the moment spent huddled in some water-filled shell hole till the barrage passed by; the dark night marches lighted by flickering star shells; golden autumn days in some tiny village by a tree-arched stream. In these are the memories that live. They are ours and we guard them. Think of these real pulsating bits of human joy and sorrow, then, lying behind facts that history tells; otherwise the tale is vain.

Formation of Division

One fact to emphasize at the outset in a story of the 26th Division, A. E. F., is that it was a body of citizen soldiery. With few exceptions, its officers and men were not professional men-at-arms. Their daily pursuits lay in other fields; yet they answered the call of duty, set themselves to learn the complicated and hazardous art of modern warfare, and succeeded so well that their record stands unsurpassed. How to account for this seeming miracle? First, Yankee courage and resourcefulness; second, character and sincerity; for these men were New England's finest sons, volunteers, the first to go; and third, a leadership which always led but never drove, which understood that men of the caliber of these could take responsibility, could exercise judgment, but could not be driven like cattle.

Space does not permit the naming of even the higher officers whose leadership meant so much; to name a few and not the others is to seem to discriminate. Only one name shall be spoken here, that of the man who moulded the raw material into one living whole, who ignited the white flame which he himself has called "The Spirit of the Yankee Division," General Clarence R. Edwards, commander—nay, creator—of the Yankee Division!

To get back to beginnings: At an early date after the United States' entry into the World War, on April 6, 1917, it was decided to Federalize all National Guard units and form them into Divisions. Meanwhile, these units went into active training. On August 13th telegraphic orders from the War Department created the 26th Division—on paper—and General Edwards was ordered to Boston to organize the Division from troops of the New England National Guard. It would be interesting to see just how this feat was accomplished, what fracturing and juggling of old lines was found necessary, but this article must confine itself to a mere enumeration of the units which went to form a combat division—an organization of over 27,000 men—a larger body under a single command than this country had seen since the Civil War. There were to be two brigades of Infantry, numbered the 51st and 52nd, each composed of two regiments, the 101st and 102nd in the first case, the 103rd and 104th in the second; a brigade of field artillery; the 41st, composed of two regiments of 3-inch field pieces (75 mm.), the 101st and 102nd, and one regiment of 6-inch howitzers, the 103rd; one machine gun battalion attached to the division, the 101st, and one attached to each infantry brigade; the 102nd and 103rd; a regiment of engineers; a battalion of signal troops; a sanitary train, comprising four field hospitals and four ambulance companies, an ammunition train, supply train and engineer train, train headquarters, a military police company, and a trench mortar battery.

Of the larger units, the 101st and 104th Infantry, the 101st and 102nd Field Artillery, the 101st Engineers, and the 102nd Machine Gun Battalion, were largely Massachusetts troops. The 102nd Infantry came almost wholly from Connecticut and the 103rd Infantry from Maine and New Hampshire. The 103rd Field Artillery and the 103rd Machine Gun Battalion mostly from Rhode Island, and the 101st Machine Gun Battalion from Connecticut. Vermont supplied the bulk of the 101st Ammunition Train. The other units were made up of troops from here and there, all over New England, and, in fact, in the units listed above were many smaller groups from outside states, but none from outside New England.

Training went on, and in early September the first units slipped quietly from their camps under the cover of darkness, and the Division was on its way overseas. On October 9th the last units left this country and on October 23rd the entire Division was on French soil. The story of how a certain officer slipped to Washington and succeeded in stealing the ships intended for the Rainbow Division—succeeded because the 26th was ready and the 42nd was not—is now history. Because of his shrewdness and daring, the New England Division was the first National Guard Division in France and was preceded only by the 1st Division, Regular Army.

Once in France, the Division was placed under French veterans for further and more useful train-

ing in up-to-date warfare. Division headquarters was established at Neufchateau, in the Department of the Vosges, near the birthplace of Joan of Arc, on October 31, 1917. All units of the Division, except the artillery brigade and the ammunition train, which had been assigned to Camp Coetquidan in Brittany, were quartered in billets around and about Neufchateau. Of great importance was the melting and fusing of the many parts of the Division into a harmonious whole, and the birth of that spirit, that esprit-de-corps, which was soon to fire every man with pride of his organization.

Into the Line

Late in January, 1918, it was decided to give American troops some real experience in trench warfare. On the urgent plea of the Division Commander, General Headquarters gave consent to having the entire division go in at once and in the same sector. The sector chosen for this final training was along the famous Chemin-des-Dames, upon which had raged and were yet to rage some of the most fiercely contested engagements of the war. The sector lay along the northerly slope of a ridge along whose summit runs the famous military road—the Chemin-des-Dames. It was to the north and northeast of Soissons and directly in front of Laon, held by the Germans. The entire region was honeycombed with chalk and limestone quarries which were utilized as protection for the troops and posts of command of regiments and battalions.

During the six weeks, more or less, that the Division was in the lines on the Chemin-des-Dames, it participated in several raids for prisoners, engaged in front line construction operations, and in general became accustomed to conditions of trench life; learned to measure the distance of a barrage, learned to distinguish between its own shellfire and that of the enemy, and perhaps most important of all, came to have a high regard and warm friendship toward the French soldiers with whom they stood shoulder to shoulder. The date of entry of the 26th Division into the lines establishes beyond all doubt the fact that it was the first National Guard Division under enemy fire.

The Division was relieved on March 18, and on the 21st the last elements had moved out. On the same date, the great German offensive against the British, east of Arras, was launched, which was the beginning of Germany's final bid for victory.

Because of the acute emergency caused by the German offensive to the north, the Yankee Division's dream of a few weeks rest was rudely shattered, and scarcely had the units arrived, by road marching, in the Rimaucourt training area, when the Division was ordered into line again—this time to take over a sector of its own. This new sector, known as the La Reine sector, lay partly on wooded slopes and partly in the marshy lowlands of the Woevre Plain, to the northwest of the ancient city of Toul. The sector which the 26th was to take over was held by the 1st American Division. Command passed to the 26th on April 3rd, headquarters being established at Boucq.

Apremont and Seicheprey

Early on the morning of April 10th, the enemy laid down a heavy barrage, preparatory to an attack on the sub-sector held by the 104th Infantry, in the Bois Brule near the village of Apremont at the extreme left of the Divisional sector. A splendid counter barrage by the 101st Field Artillery helped to break up the first assaulting wave, but others followed. In the hand-to-hand fighting which ensued, the enemy lost far more men than did the 104th, who yielded not an inch of ground. On the 12th the attack was renewed on a larger scale. The French to the left were forced to withdraw, exposing the left flank of the 104th. A counter-attack was ordered and the men of the 104th advanced, clearing the occupied positions and earning for the regiment the first decoration of its colors ever awarded to an American unit by a foreign power. It was a magnificent demonstration of the morale and fighting qualities of American soldiers as General Passaga so beautifully said in pinning the Croix-de-Guerre to the colors of the regiment.

On the morning of April 20th a German attack was launched on the positions held by the 102nd Infantry in front of Seicheprey, in the right subsector. At first, due to the surprise element, the perfect artillery preparation, and the fog, they achieved a measure of success, but they were doomed to disappointment. Here again, as at Apremont, the fighting qualities of the Division were demonstrated, and although the 102nd lost over 150 prisoners, for every prisoner taken the enemy left three or four dead behind them.

On the night of May 30th the Division carried out an elaborately planned raid on its own, known as the "Million Dollar Raid" because of the terrific concentration of preparatory fire. The net result of the raid was one sixteen-year-old prisoner, as somehow the plans leaked out and all the secrecy went for naught, the enemy having retired to its support line before the attacking party went forward. On June 16th the last affair of any consequence on the Toul front took place at Xivray-Marvoisin, and here again, the troops of the 103rd Infantry this time, stood their ground and inflicted heavy casualties on the attacking party.

On June 28th the 26th Division was relieved by *two* divisions, the 82nd American and the 154th French, dividing up between them the 18-mile strip of front held so long and so valiantly by the New Englanders. Events were at a crucial stage. The third great German offensive of the Spring had found them once more touching the north bank of the Marne. Paris was again threatened—was indeed under shell fire.

Second Battle of the Marne

Taking its place at the southwesterly corner of the bulging salient which the enemy had succeeded in driving into the Allied line between Soissons and Rheims, the boys of New England were truly between the Germans and Paris. Here, from July 6th to 18th, they withstood withering fire and continued to stand ready for the expected resumption of the enemy drive, the 101st Infantry taking the village of Vaux, just for something to do in the meantime. The drive, when it did come, was further to the east, and was successfully frustrated by the 3rd Division and the French.

On July 18th, a date which will be remembered by everyone in the least degree familiar with the history of the World War, Marshal Foch launched the first movement of his great counter-offensive. The part played by the 26th Division in this affair stamped it once and for all as one of the really great American combat divisions. In the first wild rush, on the 18th, the 52nd Brigade cleared the villages of Torcy, Belleau and Givry before 8:30 in the morning and pressed on up the slopes of Hill 193, from which they had to be recalled because they had outstripped the troops on either flank. By evening the Division also held Bouresches. By the night of the 20th they had reached their objective, the Etrepilly Plateau, and were ready for the next stage of the battle. General Degoutte, French Army Commander, commenting on the dash and vigor of the 26th Division, said, "I could not have done better, in a similar situation, with my best troops."

The enemy had retreated some little distance, but put up a stubborn fight in the vicinity of the villages of Epieds and Trugny. After several unsuccessful attempts to drive them out on July 22nd and the night of the 22nd-23rd, a final attempt was called off when it was found that they had been forced to retire because of the retreat of troops on their flanks, and no longer held the two villages. Orders were issued to press forward and make contact with the enemy. This was done, and on July 25th the infantry units of the division were relieved by the 42nd (Rainbow) Division, although all other units carried on until August 5th with their good friends, the Rainbows, pursuing the retreating enemy clear to the Vesle river. During the Second Battle of the Marne, the Division had advanced over 40 kilometers and had lost in casualties (including wounded and gassed) nearly 5,000 men.

St. Mihiel and Verdun

On September 12th and 13th they participated with high honors in the first engagement carried on independently by an American Field Army, the reduction of the St. Mihiel salient. For nearly four years this "hernia" had projected into the allied lines, its western side along the heights of the Meuse, its southern along the plain of the Woevre. The plans called for a pinching out movement, a driving in from the two sides and, if possible, making contact somewhere in the center. The Divisions chosen to make this contact were the 1st from the south, and the 26th from the west. The point at which they were to meet was the village of Vigneulles. The 102nd Infantry reached this objective after an all night hike down the Grand Tranchee de Calonne at two o'clock in the morning of September 13th, two hours before the time set and nearly eight hours before the 1st Division from the southern side of the salient put in their appearance. This was undoubtedly one of the most brilliant feats in the Division's history.

On October 8th, 1918, the Division was relieved in the so-called Troyon sector, and tired and weary as every man was, yet a thrill crept up his spine as he found that his next adventure was to be on the terrible and sacred soil north of Verdun. Verdun—a name to conjure with! The bloodshed and the valor of those seared and pitted hills. We were to walk on sacred ground, to have still an opportunity to stand with the heroes of those fearful days of 1916.

Verdun is on the Meuse River, and the front line to the north of the city marked the extreme right of the American First Army sector. Here, amid the nightmare wilderness of shell-torn slopes and ravines, uprooted forests and flattened villages, the old 26th Division was to end its career in—not a blaze of glory perhaps—for fighting here was stubborn and vicious rather than glorious, but at least in honor.

Those were terrible days, from October 15th to November 11th. The point held was the pivot upon which the entire line was swinging backward under Foch's hammerblows to the west and north. No great advance was possible or desirable right at this point. Thus other divisions to the west made enviable records for ground gained while our division just gritted its teeth and fought and fought and fought. Every inch was contested as if the Americans were at the gates of Berlin. Sadly depleted in strength, faces drawn and weary, through mud and shell craters and twisted stumps, they lived on and fought, gradually winning a few meters here and a few meters there, waiting until the long line to the west swung way around.

There was probably less glory and more suffering by the 26th Division north of Verdun than at any other place. The very terrain seemed to try men's souls, and the advance was so costly and so pitifully small.

At last "The Day of Glory"! Yes, there were more weary months of waiting and drilling, more irksome rules and regulations, but the history of New England's Yankee Division must end here, on the stroke of eleven, on the 11th of November, 1918.

Statistics are wearisome; let us confine ourselves to the barest few. The Yankee Division was the first National Guard Division and the second (out of thirty) combat divisions in France. It was the first National Guard Division and the second American Division of any kind in the front lines. If the period

in which the artillery and engineers served with the 42nd Division be counted, the 26th was in the front lines LONGER THAN ANY AMERICAN DIVISION. The former Secretary of War, John W. Weeks, once made the assertion in the writer's hearing that no other American Division was in the front lines longer than the 26th. In point of casualties, a doubtful criterion, the Division comes sixth. In number of prisoners captured, it is also sixth. It advanced against enemy resistance a distance of over 60 kilometers.

Its history is one of New England's proudest possessions. Its name, Yankee Division, has been handed down to its successor, and will live on in the memories of New England's people.

AN OPEN LETTER TO YD VETERANS

Recently I met a former member of our Division, and during the course of the conversation I invited him to join the Y. D. V. A. Imagine my surprise to be met with a storm of abuse and denunciation. I was informed that the YD Club was a "cliquey" outfit, controlled entirely by a few fellows around Boston, and that according to the newspapers the war was fought and won by one particular outfit. Before I got through with this individual I think I convinced him that that is a lot of bunk. The thought came to me, however, that there may be others who believe the same as this fellow did and that is the reason for this blast.

I have been associated with the YD Club and Y. D. V. A. since their inception. Although I have never been honored by an elective position, I have always worked for the good of the organization and have always found that everyone connected with it has only one thought in mind and that is "YD."

Of course the newspapers of Boston, in speaking of veterans affairs, mention the name of the 101st Infantry—What of it?—The papers at Hartford, Connecticut, always speak of the 102nd Infantry, Portland, Maine, considers the 103d its own and the 104th is the fair-haired child at Springfield, Mass. The reason is perfectly plain to anyone. The 101st was recruited largely from around Boston, the 102d came from Connecticut, the 103d from Maine and the 104th was organized at Springfield. This is also true regarding the other outfits. Up in Vermont it is 102 Machine Gun Battalion or the Ammunition Train, and I presume that other cities and towns have adopted other parts of the outfit, but that has nothing to do with the Y. D. V. A. To us, we do not give a continental with what outfit you served as long as you are eligible to wear the YD button.

Then again there are times when Boston entertains distinguished officers of high rank from other countries. Naturally, the authorities here call upon representative YD men to act as an escort to these dignitaries and very often it is the same gentlemen who do this time after time. Do you ever realize that acting as an escort is a duty and sometimes a very costly one too? Personally, I have not the time nor the money to spend in entertaining. These gentlemen, however, have given lavishly of their time and money. It is very easy for some of you birds to sit there and cry baby because you are not invited to be present. There is an open invitation at all times to all former YD men to show up on such an occasion, but remember its a Dutch treat as the Club itself has not the where-with-all to act as host.

It has always been the plan of those who are responsible for the Club that the Club and Association never degenerate into a clique, and anyone who has followed our history knows that this is so. In fact, the mentioning of any particular outfit is almost taboo and is only referred to in a joking manner. If there is anyone who thinks as my friend did, I would suggest that he come in out of the rain and get acquainted with the true facts before shooting his mouth off. You need the support of the other fellows in the outfit today just as much as you did in 1918. No division could function unless all units cooperated. Where would the Infantry have been without the Artillery with its barrages and the Engineers to help in building of trenches, roads, etc. How long would the Artillery have lasted if the Ammunition Train had not brought up the shells and how many would have passed out of the picture entirely if it had not been for the Ambulance and Hospital companies who were *there* and not fifty miles behind the line. How long would any one of us have lasted if it had not been for the Supply Train to bring us grub, and how many objectives would we have taken if the Signal Corps boys had fallen down on the job of communications. In fact, every one of us was dependent upon the other. It is still so; we are still dependent upon the other if we want our children to know of the glorious record of the old YD.

As a final thought I would call your attention to the fact that the YD Club is the most exclusive outfit in the world. There is no other club like it and only those who have actually seen service are eligible to membership. I carry membership cards in my pocket for various organizations, but the card I prize the most is the one with the YD on it. Now let's throw away the old hammer and come aboard. Let's get acquainted. We all have something in common and you will find that we are a pretty good bunch of Scouts even if we do live in Boston.

"G. W. T." (M) STAGES A COMEBACK

By G. W. Twombly (M)

Of course I always enjoy reading "Between Ourselves"—that's taken for granted—and I am sorry that everybody does not come in contact with those monthly articles. Even before finishing the beautiful (and truthful) description of New England in the July-August issue I had a great yearning to visit right away this unsurpassed territory. Who can help but heed those remarks so aptly written by the Editor (M) and make every effort to see as much as possible of this part of the country?

The last sentence of that article reminded me of when we got those passes (and some we didn't get) to go to Paris. (Roy Sylvester and I went on a pass which said "La Ferté to Trilport," but I guess some didn't have even that much!) A few of us "sight-saw" while others—, as Doings said, "saw only hotel lobbies, a few speak-easies, etc." Since then I have heard many say that they wish they had seen more things about which they could write home! Moral?

I was interested to read in the June issue "About Twelve Years Ago This Time" and it was a joy to learn in "Still Going Up" that YDVA membership is still going strong. I liked the serial: "Paul Chateaux, Prisoner of War."

It was a great disappointment to me not to get to Devens on July 13, but I couldn't make connections at the last moment. However, I was glad that I was able to attend the Legion Convention at Williamstown. One of the amusing incidents was to see at one of the hotels, an elderly lady who could not understand us "soldats"; the talk and actions to her were unbearable. Friday evening as she was entering the dining room General Edwards (LM) had just come over to the door to speak to me. Being about her own age I suppose she thought his sympathies would be with her. She looked into the room, saw the "dreadful" uniformed men, and then looked up to the General, exclaiming, "Yes, I was just saying that these, er these—" (then she looked around the room waving her hand and searching for a word that would be bad enough to describe us) "—that *these*, why! there are not as many fish in the Green River as there are here!" And her sigh was one of satisfaction. Looking expectantly for an answer all she received was a low and courteous bow from "the Old Man"—and can't you see his expression?

As to Ted Noyes' (M) "NO-MAD-ICS," they are written in such a style that one could almost think that he himself were actually making the trip! To those of us who have "been back" does it not bring sweet memories to our minds? An aggravating thing they have found out just recently is that Ted and I were in or around Lucerne at just the same time three years ago: such is "la vie." I am anxiously looking forward to his article on Brussels for I was there just long enough to wish that I could see still more of it. Methinks the "rue promenades" are even more—is "bold" the correct word? than they are in Paris;—why, one evening while on the Boulevard Anspach . . . but wait! Maybe Ted will have something bordering on that in this same issue.

Seems to me that Anson Earl Sawyer made a fine suggestion in his letter of May 13 which appeared under the title of "Worth Trying Out": why not? It was good to read Ray's (M) account of the YD Club of Washington and it goes without saying that "Same Old Dick" (M) holds ones attention as usual.

Pop's (M) cover "The June Bride" struck me as being "truthfully funny." I say it that way because it was indeed funny and it is exactly what happened. Such hands! and aren't the legs too ridiculous? I know something about that—no, my legs aren't like those but I mean about trying on French women's clothes, because when I was "Helen France" in the Signal Corps play and later "Mandy," the farmer's daughter in the play where the "detectatiff" was "hunting for that dastard criminal that stole the hand-painted p-p-p-picher" I had hard work to find, in those small towns, clothes to fit me.

Yes, I hunted around for female undies for I found that I couldn't become a Successful (?) actress (you know what I mean) with a waist and skirt over heavy undershirt and long-legged drawers and wearing hob nailed shoes. Nope, it wasn't so rosy. The result of my "cherchez-ing" delicate lingerie? I am modest. But may I suggest that some of you will remember the two nights that we played in Brest?

One of the incidents was that of a "soldat Francais" at home on his furlough. He heard somehow that an American girl was in town at the YMCA hut. Well, he pursued me those two nights at the tent and he couldn't understand why the buxom Mademoiselle Americaine would not promenade with him. I write "buxom" because I used to put an air pillow inside my shirt-waist with the nozzle sticking out at the neck; then one of the boys would blow it up as much as the waist would allow. Each day after the show I saw the Frenchman on the street and he proceeded to tell me about the "American girl" and wondered where she was living. It was amusing, to say the least, and I didn't have the heart to tell him the truth so I just listened and acted dumb—just acted natural, as you might say.

I hate to talk about myself but—ah! I forgot! I'm writing not of myself but of one Helen France so I'll say that the night she played in Foulain the natives crowded around the rear of the tent to see a real piece of American virginity. It was remarked

that I was different from the pictures of some Americans whom they had seen, but that I looked more like "Madame Vilsson"!!! That was meant for President Wilson's wife for it was about that time that they were over there. In one home after the show I pulled off my wig before a six year old boy; he let out one yell, ran over to his own house hollering, "O! maman, Mademoiselle Americaine has pulled off her head!"

IF YOU ARE WEARY OF PROHIBITION ARGUMENTS, DON'T READ THIS

The following pertinent paragraphs are taken at random from the address of the Honorable A. Piatt Andrew (HM), at Amesbury on July 17. The address as a whole is a masterpiece not only of logic but of rhetoric, and whatever one's personal views, deserves to be read in its entirety if only as an example of the art of exposition, perfected to the n-th power.

However Americans may differ about nation-wide prohibition in itself, I know of no recognized authority on American government who does not today agree that the Eighteenth Amendment is fundamentally out of place in the Consitution, and that it was a grave mistake to place it there. The Consitution is a charter of government and was not intended to be a code of laws. Its only purpose was to establish the government's framework. It defines the agencies and powers of the national government, protects the states from federal encroachments upon their original authority and safeguards its citizens in the exercise of their inalienable rights. The Constitution was not designed to be, and ought never to have been made the vehicle of any statutory enactment, irrespective of the subject matter, whether agriculture, industry, commerce, banking, education, crime or anything else. A law, no matter how important, dealing with murder, arson, embezzlement, burglary or bigamy would not properly belong in the Constitution. Even more out of place is a law concerning particular kinds of beverages.

Never in all of our history has such an heroic effort been made to force a restrictive policy upon reluctant and resisting citizens as has been made during the past eleven years to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment.

Still more repellent is the knowledge that the federal prohibition service injects the deadliest of poisons into industrial alcohol, and is willing in order to promote enforcement to inflict blindness, paralysis and death not only upon violators of the prohibition law, but even upon those—perhaps your boys and girls—who may be their innocent victims. This action on the part of your government and mine, has caused indescribable misery, and sent countless American citizens to untimely and unsuspected graves. In all the annals of official atrocity, including those ascribed to enemy armies during the late war, I know of none more dastardly or more heinous.

For the sake of even such partial enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment as we now have, measures, regulations and punishments have been considered necessary that are not only inordinate in number, but obnoxious in character and scale, repugnant to our traditions, and hostile to the dictates of conscience and common sense. They have provoked widespread resentment, disrespect for law, and contempt for government authority throughout large groups of the American people regardless of their age or sex or walk in life. No matter what the benefits of national prohibition may be, they are costing too great a price.

Most of us will agree that a law regulating standards of conduct which does not so appeal to the judgment and conscience of practically all good citizens as to compel their respect and support is a bad law. The Eighteenth Amendment belongs in this category and the widespread evasions and subterfuges, and the shocking hypocrisy and corruption which have followed in its train have become a serious menace to the moral standards of our people.

A NEW WAR STORY

It seems as if now, nearly twelve years after the Armistice, the output of novels, plays, short stories and even poems, having the World War as their theme, is increasing rather than diminishing. On the whole their quality appears to be higher than that of the days closely following the end of the war. For instance the motion picture "All Quiet on the Western Front" is far superior to "The Big Parade" in its fidelity and realism, and "Journey's End" is, in this critic's opinion, immeasurably greater than either of them.

Now that official records of the various nations are becoming available to the historian and novelist, the results are showing a degree of accuracy and a truthfulness of portrayal sadly lacking in the earlier products.

The most recent novel having to do with the war to come to our notice is "The Deepening Stream" by Dorothy Canfield, a Vermont woman who saw actual service in France. So far as we are aware this has not yet been published in book form as it is appearing as a serial in a monthly publication. In the very strictest sense perhaps, it could not be called a war story, as it does not deal with front line combat but with life behind the lines. It is, however, filled with the atmosphere of apprehension and terror which hung for four long years like a black pall over the souls of those whose task was to wait and dread. In its broad sweep of human understanding and sympathy, its sure grasp of the emotions of human beings in the grip of a new and overpowering situation, it ranks above almost anything yet published. Remember the title, and when it is published, read it: "The Deepening Stream."

ANOTHER COUNTRY HEARD FROM

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

My DOINGS arrived this morning and after reading the entire number I thought I would write and tell you all a little about this Land of the Midnight Sun and home of the ancient Vikings, in which I am to rest and toil for the ensuing two years.

First of all, I was fortunate in securing a home for myself which would turn an American antique collector green with envy. A widow of a former Norwegian general rented me her home complete in every detail, including the maid. Well, the old boy left a collection of old armor and various implements of mortal combat behind him which are set up all over the house. It is a miniature medieval museum. A grandfather clock in the corner was made in 1563, and it runs. All the spears, shields, etc., date from the 1500 and 1600 period; books in the library from 1600 on. There are about 200 pieces of silver strewn all over the place in various forms. Cut glass in such quantity that I am still trying to figure out its various uses. The glasses are not hard to figure, however, and I have tried them all already. The maid does everything from washing to cooking and she gets top wages, 60 kroner, or about $17.00 a month. The entire apartment costs me, including gas and electricity, about $75.00 a month. The same place on Beacon Street, Boston, would cost at least $300.00.

Life is rather tranquil here: Not much excitement. Most business places are open from 10.00 a.m. to 2.00 or 3.00 p.m. You eat breakfast anytime up to 10.00, lunch at about 4.00. Then you are supposed to take a nap from about 4.00 to 6.00 and at 8.00 you have dinner. At 10.00 p.m. you have coffee and sandwiches if you so desire.

The Government here is of a Socialist form with a little touch of Communism thrown in. The taxes are very heavy. If you eat in a restaurant the Government taxes you 10% and they add another 10% to your bill as a service charge, which is the waiter's tip. Liquor is under government control and prices are rather high. Beer you can buy in any store. The milkman also sells carbonated water and lemonade. A whisky-and-soda is called a highball, and excepting the hotels where they have an American bar, nobody knows what a Manhattan cocktail is. 90% of the autos are American, and a foreign make has hardly a chance here in competition as the hilly country makes the high-powered American auto supreme. You can't give them enough power in a motor here. The Standard Oil and Shell are the competitors in the gasoline field. Gas imported from U. S. is about 23 cents a gallon. The Government controls all means of transportation practically. Taxis are cheap and you can ride about a mile and a quarter for 25 cents; 90% of the taxis are touring cars. Food is about the same price as in the States, but any kind of canned goods is very expensive, especially fruits. A confectionery store will sell you chocolates anytime of the day but after 7 p.m. you can't buy them to take out, but you can eat them on the premises. Why, I have been unable to find out yet. Unemployment is bad. The Government is spending 20 million kroner (26 cents value of kroner) on unemployment insurance, and the business men have to pay nearly all of that every year. The insurance is the bunk, as I have been able to see and learn that it makes a lot of loafers. You don't have to be a citizen either to collect this insurance.

Norway was pro-Ally during the war and in the building where I am located a plaque on the wall of the lobby lists all the ships that Norway lost in the war—832 ships and about 2000 men. Shipping is still the big business here, as the country is so poor in natural resources they have to go out into other countries to get their cargoes. Whaling, I believe, is on a par with the fishing business. There is one thing they will have to learn at home, and that is how to cook fish up in a manner that would appeal to everyone. I can say that I'll eat fish here when I wouldn't look at the same fish at home.

The scenery is marvelous and I could not hope to describe the beautiful fjords here. One must see them to appreciate their beauty. This time of the year it is practically daylight for the 24 hours. The winters are long and dark. The farther north you go, the longer and darker it is. Here in Oslo the sun rises in November about 9 a.m., makes a small arc across the horizon and sets about 3 p.m. Rain is more than plentiful here, and no matter if the sun is shining in the morning when you go to work, always take an umbrella with you as by evening you probably can use it.

The Annapolis cadets are in town today and for the next two days. There are three American battleships in the harbor. I am boarding the Arkansas tomorrow to arm myself with a few cartons of Luckies at the good old commissary price of 7 cents a package. Until I can think of something more interesting I'll close and crawl back into my state of inertia until such time as the Midsummer DOINGS arrive. My regards to all the boys at the club.

—ANDREW E. HANNEY (M)
(101st Inf.)

American Consulate
Oslo, Norway.

THE CORPORAL ANTES UP

Every Spring I get a letter
From the Hub,
Saying
"DUES ARE DUE,"
And will I please pay up.
Aha, says I,
Again!
That bird must think
That I'm an easy specimen:
Does he suppose
Or hope
That I'll send
My cash on the first call?
Not this boy;
Never!
I'll wait
Until I get a few more letters.

Then DOINGS does its bit
By announcing also
DUESAREDUE.
I get another
Letter and the game goes on,
Until we get the
Ultimatum.
DOINGS, in type
Which must have been borrowed
From the BOSTON
AMERICAN,
Informs us that
Without **DUES** there'll be no **DOINGS.**
Now "P. N. S.," why
Say that?
You knew that I
Was only kidding and that I'd pay.

And now you've hurt my pride;
I'd like to call your
Bluff
But I don't dare to.
I don't think you'd treat an
Old subscriber so,
BUT
You might.
It's just like those damned
Chainletters;
You want to throw
Them in the wastepaper basket
But as you do so you
Always
Get a feeling
That perhaps you shouldn't!

That you probably are letting
Yourself in for
Disaster,
So you pick it
Out of the basket again and use
Four hours of time,
And many
Stamps, and mail
Your nine copies to your favorite
Nine enemies and
Wait
For your good luck
Which usually culminates in
Willy getting Scarlet
Fever
And the old homestead
Being put in quarantine for weeks.

So just to be on the safe side
And to run no risk of
Missing
Current information on
"Jabs from J" or "Wallops from W"
Or all the dope on
prohibition
(Printer's note please
Use smallest type on this word)
Or any of POP's caboose-
Chasers
Or anything else
That appears from time to time
In the best paper
I get,
I'm sending two bucks
But next year I'm going to call you.

—"CORPORAL PUNISHMENT" (M)
Rotterdam, The Netherlands

THE HORRORS OF WAR

The following is pretty old, but it may be new to some:

Said to have been a letter received by the War Department during the World War in reference to a soldier's allotment for dependents:

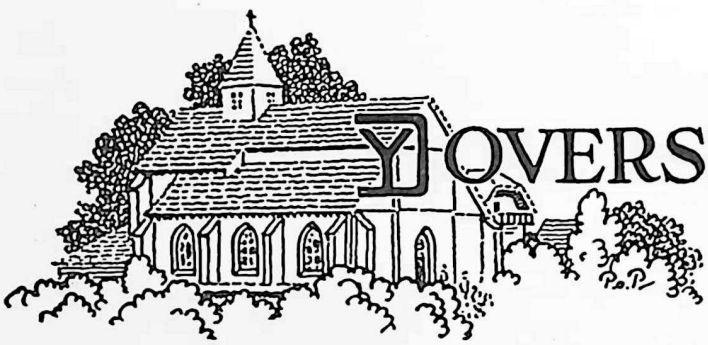
Mr. Headquarters
U. S. Army
Dear Mr. Headquarters:

My husband was induced into the surface long months ago and I ain't reeceived no pay from him sense he was gone. Please send me my elopement as I have a four months old baby and he is my only support and I kneed it evry day to buy food and keep us inclosed. I am a poor woman and all I have is at the front.

Both sides of my parents are very old. My husband is in charge of a spitoon. Do I get any more than I am going to get? Please send me a letter and tell me if my husband made application for a wife and child and please send me a wife's form to fill out. I have already written to Mr. Wilson and get no answer and if I don't heare from you I will write Uncle Sam about you and him.

Very truly, Mrs. Paul ——

P. S. My husband says he sets in the Y. M. C. A. every nite with the piano playing in his uniform. I think you can find him there.



YD OVERSEAS MEMORIAL

"Every man give one day's pay"

On August 1, the 26th Division, M. N. G. turned over to the YD Overseas Memorial the sum of $8,647.45 to pay the cost of inscribing and installing the stone tablets bearing the names of the Division's dead. The work of checking the spelling of these names is going but slowly as it seems to be—strange but true—that some of the regiments have no accurate and complete list of their own casualties, or if they have, no one seems to know who has the list. However, compared with raising the money to pay for the tablets, the difficulties with the names is a minor thing, and their installation at an early date is now assured.

In addition to this part of the work, it is expected that enough will be left to install the remaining stained glass windows, thus completing the entire Memorial.

The following letter from General SHERBURNE (LM) to Col. WILLARD LUTHER (LM), Chairman of the Committee on Large Contributions, quoting an interchange of cablegrams between BERNARD S. CARTER (M) and General SHERBURNE (LM) provides an interesting angle on the unselfish spirit which has pervaded this whole undertaking.

Col. Willard B. Luther
10 State Street
Boston, Massachusetts.
Dear Willard:

This morning I am in receipt of the following cablegram from Carter to which I have replied as appears:

"July 22, 1930

MNY13FP94
PARIS 49
LCD GENERAL SHERBURNE 75 FEDERAL STR BOSTON
MAYOR OF BELLEAU SUGGEST POSSIBILITY APPLYING WAR DAMAGES ABOUT SIX THOUSAND DOLLARS TO WHICH VILLAGE ENTITLED TO COMPLETION CHURCH AND GROUNDS INSTEAD OF TO VILLAGE WAR MEMORIAL STOP THIS MAY NOT BE PRACTICABLE LEGALLY BUT BEFORE EXPLORING WOULD APPRECIATE YOUR VIEWS
CARTER"

"July 22, 1930.
Boston, Mass.

BERNARD S. CARTER
14 PLACE VENDOME, PARIS, FRANCE
MOST PLEASED AND TOUCHED BY SUGGESTION MAYOR BELLEAU BUT WE MUST AND CAN FINISH JOB STOP WE HAVE EIGHT THOUSAND AVAILABLE TABLETS AND WINDOWS AND ADDITIONAL FUNDS NECESSARY COMING IN PLEASE EXPRESS HIGHEST APPRECIATION TO MAYOR
SHERBURNE"

Does not this ring your heart and can you not make the crowd come across with the little additional money necessary. I will try to see Sachs tomorrow or Thursday.

JOHN H. SHERBURNE

The following is a copy of a letter from Capt. BERNARD S. CARTER (M):

9th. July, 1930.

Dear General Sherburne:

I motored out to Belleau yesterday with the specific purpose of installing the new State of Vermont flag in our church. . . . It appears that our church has caused much favorable comment on the part of all visitors. Even during the short time I was there, several automobile loads of American tourists who had visited the Cemetery all entered the church and seemed most impressed by it. I even noticed a carload of very corpulent Chinamen who spent some time in the church and carefully deciphered the inscription over the entrance door.

The church itself looked very well, but I must confess that its appearance would be greatly improved if we could do something about planting the ground around it and an enclosing wall would also be a great addition. At present the ground is still in the state in which you saw it last fall; rough gravel, stones, etc. with no touch of green. . . . Some of the temporary plain glass windows of the church have been broken by the wind, so that the birds have been able to get into the church.

Bernard S. Carter.

Upon receipt of this letter, Gen. SHERBURNE (LM) dispatched orders to have the grading about the church done at once.

AMOUNTS RECEIVED TO SEPTEMBER 1

	Cash Rec'd	*Pledges*	*Totals*
Div. Hq. & Hq. Tr.	$3,811.70	$ 240.00	$4,051.70
101st Inf.	3,303.78	225.00	3,528.78
101st F. A.	8,844.75	276.50	9,121.25
101st Tr. M.	118.00	5.00	123.00
101st Sup. Tr.	237.30	40.00	277.30
*101st San. Tr.	1,305.65		1,305.65
101st F. Sig.	539.32	57.00	596.32
101st Tr. Hq. & M. P.	360.95	34.00	394.95
101st M. G. Bn.	1,032.59	15.00	1,047.59
101st M. O. R. S.	32.00		32.00
101st Engrs.	5,396.88	257.00	5,653.88
101st Amm. Tr.	2,397.85	52.00	2,449.85
102nd Inf.	2,108.38	150.50	2,258.88
102nd F. A.	3,443.95	122.25	3,566.20
102nd M. G. Bn.	1,445.40	100.00	1,545.40
103rd Inf.	6,883.30	802.00	7,685.30
103rd F. A.	4,402.34	157.50	4,559.84
103rd M. G. Bn.	642.95	131.00	773.95
104th Inf.	3,884.71	178.00	4,062.71
51st Art. Brig.	672.00		672.00
52nd Inf. Brig.	208.43	10.00	218.43
51st Inf. Brig.	143.40		143.40
Misc.	10,673.29	66.00	†10,739.29
Bk. Int.	1,717.43		1,717.43
Postage on broch.	4.38		4.38
	$63,610.73	$2,918.75	$66,529.48

Includes
101st F.H.
101st Amb. Co.
101st San. Tr. Hq.
102nd F.H.
102nd Amb. Co.
103rd F.H.
103rd Amb. Co.
104th F.H.
104th Amb. Co.

† Includes sum given by Officers and Men of 26th Division, M. N. G.

INDIVIDUAL CONTRIBUTIONS

(In addition to those previously acknowledged)

(Y.D.V.A. members not designated)

William H. Dolan	Div. Hq.	(Add.)
William B. Gagnebin	Div. Hq.	(Add.)
Francis Lennihan	Div. Hq.	(Add.)
Winthrop P. Mandell	Div. Hq.	(Add.)
Oliver Wolcott	Div. Hq.	(Add.)
R. H. Ives Gammell	101 F. A.	(Add.)
Theodore L. Storer	101 F. A.	(Add.)
George A. Fuller	101 Engrs.	(Add.)
Malcolm Jenney	101 Engrs.	(Add.)
G. Philip Grabfield	101 San. Tr.	(Add.)
Robert E. Goodwin	102 F. A.	(Add.)
Col. Thorndike D. Howe	102 F. A.	(Add.)
Col. M. E. Locke	102 F. A.	(Add.)
Mrs. J. H. Holden—"In memory of Lt. Frank B. Holden," her son	103 Inf.	
Judge Thos. J. Hammond	104 Inf.	(Add.)
Crocker Luther	51st Art. Br.	
John D. Murphy	101 Inf.	(Add.)
Misc. 26th Div., Mass., M. N. G.	(The new YD)	

VETERANS DISABILITY ALLOWANCE

The following may clear up the misunderstanding which seems to exist regarding the recent amendment to the World War Veterans Act. The amendment, dated July 3, 1930, reads as follows:

"On and after the date of the approval of this amendatory Act any honorably discharged ex-service man who entered the service prior to November 11, 1918, and served ninety days or more during the World War, and who is or may hereafter be suffering from a 25 per centum or more permanent disability, as defined by the Director, not the result of his own wilful misconduct, which was not acquired in the service during the World War, or for which compensation is not payable, shall be entitled to receive a disability allowance at the following rates: 25 per centum permanent disability, $12 per month; 50 per centum permanent disability, $18 per month; 75 per centum permanent disability, $24 per month; total permanent disability, $40 per month. No disability allowance payable under this paragraph shall commence prior to the date of the passage of this amendatory Act or the date of application therefor, and such application shall be in such form as the Director may prescribe; Provided, That no disability allowance under this paragraph shall be payable to any person not entitled to exemption from the payment of a Federal income tax for the year preceding the filing of application for such disability allowance under this paragraph. In any case in which the amount of compensation hereafter payable to any person for permanent disability under the provisions of this Act is less than the maximum amount of the disability allowance payable for a corresponding degree of disability under the provisions of this paragraph, then such person may receive such disability allowance in lieu of compensation. Nothing in this paragraph shall be construed to allow the payment to any person of both a disability allowance and compensation during the same period; and all payments made to any person for a period covered by a new or increased award of disability allowance or compensation shall be deducted from the amount payable under such new or increased award. As used in Titles I and V of the World War Veterans Act, 1924, as amended, the term 'Compensation' shall be deemed to include the term 'disability allowance' as used in this paragraph."

ADDITION TO CLUB LIBRARY

The YD Club Library has recently received the gift of a copy of "Helmets," a story of personal experiences in the A. E. F. by STANLEY J. HERZOG (M) (F Batt., 103rd F. A.). Those who have read it (your editor confesses that he has not yet found time to) praise it highly as an interesting and realistic piece of work. The author made the gift to the Club.

HISTORY OF A. P. O. NO. 709

It goes without question that all men of the Yankee Division remember the days back in 1917 and 1918 when the letters which were sent them from all over the world passed through the hands of the personnel of A. P. O. No. 709, this designation being the official title of the 26th Division Mail Detachment.

How often have I thought of those days when I was a member of that detachment which consisted of one officer, two sergeants, four corporals, six first class privates, and fourteen privates. These twenty-seven men were transferred from the various divisional units, and you can believe me when I say, that for the equipment which we had we did a pretty good job, from the amount of mail matter which passed through our hands, during the period of the life of this detachment. Of course, there were at times mail and packages which we were unable to deliver. There were several reasons for this. Take one for example. A package arrived addressed to some buddy in the lines, or elsewhere; of course it was put into the bag of the regiment with which this buddy was supposed to be. A few days later it would come back to us marked, "Sick at Base Hospital No. 1," and then it was our duty to re-ship it to this hospital and possibly by the time the package reached Base Hospital No. 1, the soldier in question may have "taken French leave" or been sent to some other hospital "somewhere in France." His package followed right behind. Finally it would be returned to A. P. O. No. 709 bearing the marks of a hard journey; string broken, paper torn, the soldier's name nearly worn off, and the label of the various places to which it had followed him, looking like a cross-word puzzle. As a last resort, we would send it back to his original outfit, as it was often marked, "Returned to duty." Finally this package in question would be returned to us again and it was not a rare occasion to find that we were unable to "carry on," due to the fact that the name was so far defaced we were unable to make it out, and I will honestly confess that I have "given it a name" and sent it up to the lines to some buddy that I knew, and felt, was getting very little from back home.

My reason for mentioning packages that never reached their rightful owners is the fact that often some doughboy said to me, "So you are one of those birds that handled our mail and has opened our packages and stole our tobacco." You can believe me when I say that we had as our officer in charge, Lieut. ALEXANDER MACDONALD, detailed from the 104th Infantry, who by the way, is now a major of the same old outfit and is, I believe, assistant postmaster of Holyoke, Mass. The listing herewith of the mail received and sent out from A. P. O. No. 709 is taken from Mac's report of the mail detachment when A. P. O. No. 709 "passed into history." Let me give you the last paragraph of his "Final Report" which is as follows:

> "As a unit of the 26th Division, the Mail Detachment, A. P. O. No. 709, shared its hardships and its glory. Its personnel, by keeping open the line of communication, between their comrades and the folks at home, contributed largely to the contentment of the men during those trying days, when the uncertainty of life was never more clearly realized. They also helped to make glad the hearts of many anxious relatives by the tokens of love and affection which they hastened on their way. The detachment commander takes this opportunity to extend to the men of this detachment his heartfelt thanks for their loyalty and strict attention to duty, under all conditions, etc."

The postal detachment of the 26th Division is very likely a unit which is "unlisted," and one which will seldom be spoken of amongst the "Who won the war topics" at the YD Club. Nevertheless, I feel sure that many, through YANKEE DOINGS, will be interested in reading of the work which this unit accomplished, which in part is as follows:

	Letters Only	
	Inbound Mail from U. S.	Outbound Mail to U. S.
June 1918	252,000	334,500
July 1918	240,900	386,100
Aug. 1918	445,500	270,000
Sept. 1918	312,360	298,080
Oct. 1918	357,660	363,660
Nov. 1918	279,120	304,020
Dec. 1918	613,200	357,660
Jan. 1919	418,020	268,980

Total up these amounts and you will find that it was a lot of letters which we handled, some of them with addresses almost unintelligible. The above figures are for letters only, and do not count the 25,000 bags or more of packages and other printed matter. We also handled during the same months nearly two-thirds as many letters mailed in the A. E. F. to the 26th Division. Besides the first and second class mail we had the registered mail and the making out and cashing of money orders. In the month of October 1918, we issued $76,894.37 in money orders and paid out $12,073.63.

From June 1918 to December 1918, inclusive, we sold $4,750.00 in postage stamps.

This data that I have submitted herewith is taken from the last A. P. O. No. 709 report as compiled by the then Lieut. A. MACDONALD and I feel sure it will be interesting material to those who read and digest their YANKEE DOINGS. Please don't write me and ask what became of the package you lost, partic-

ularly if it contained cigarettes, as I was not the only fellow that juggled mail sacks in the old A. E. F. (My alibi, and I'll stick to it.)

—L. P. FULTON (M)
(A. P. O. No. 709)

New York

N. B.—Just another good outfit.

AN UNSUNG HERO OF THE WAR

The heroic act of TOM MANNIX (104th Inf.) of Peabody, Mass., although probably known to many of his comrades in that regiment, has escaped general attention until recently published in the American Legion Monthly's "Big Moments" contest.

MANNIX was a member of a platoon of bombers during an advance into enemy trenches. In the heat of the fighting, the Peabody boy was unaware that a handful of his comrades had taken a German trench immediately in front of his position.

He seized a hand grenade and set the fuse by striking it on a rock, and steadied himself to hurl it forwards. Suddenly he saw the heads of his comrades rise out of the trench.

He looked about for a place to throw the sputtering grenade, but on all sides of him were American infantrymen. In that moment of horror he realized that wherever the weapon was hurled it would carry death and injury to a number of his comrades.

With the thought of saving them uppermost in his mind, MANNIX closed his eyes and gripped the grenade, waiting for it to burst and send him into eternity. His entire right hand was blown off, but by a miracle his life was saved.

MANNIX is now a sign painter in Peabody, having learned to manipulate the brush with his left hand, and is the father of several children.

The story of his heroism was investigated by William F. Carlin of the state hospitalization committee and affidavits were secured from his comrades only a week ago. The facts will be presented to the War Department at Washington and steps will be taken to secure for MANNIX a Congressional Medal.

AN OPEN LETTER TO TED NOYES (M)

In spite of the threat "NO DUES—NO DOINGS," my June number rolled in on schedule, and as usual I opened it in the middle, prepared to read in both directions. (Try this some time, you get a lot more out of it.)

The first thing that struck my eye was my own name placed in close proximity to that of Wilhelmina, Queen of the Netherlands. So, before going any further, I should like to call your attention to the fact that you have committed social error No. 37, as we are both married, and I understand that our conjugal partners are likely to become suspicious as a result of this unwarranted linking of names. So be a little careful in the future. Now, if you had said Princess Juliana,—

Then again there's the use of the word "betimes" before my name. This I call downright sarcasm. I looked the word up, and my dictionary says it means early. Now, if the boss doesn't care if I don't get to work until 10:30 A.M., I don't see why you should open old wounds by referring to my rising hour.

However, I hold no grudges, even after your somewhat disrespectful reference to the best state in the U. S. A., and to one of the many important industries which back up our state motto, DIRIGO. I realize that every person born in Massachusetts inhales with his first breath the idea that the nation's fish are caught and distributed from the good ship KING PHILIP, and that any specimens taken from above the mouth of the Merrimac are of a mongrel and renegade type, unfit to associate with the bluebloods of the finny tribe which gave Cape Cod its name. I could discourse at length on this subject, but out of respect to "P. N. S." who has to correct mistakes in spelling and punctuation I will close this paragraph with the statement that when bigger and better fish are developed, Maine will produce them. (If you don't believe this look up the date that Maine went dry.)

In closing let me tell you how sorry I was, (and am), that you did not look me up here. My home is not two minutes' walk from the Palace Hotel in Scheveningen where you stayed, and my name is in the telephone book. I could certainly have shown you some things not down on the tourists routes, and could even have arranged for an inspection of one of the gin distilleries of Schiedam, whose lofty (sixteen feet below sea-level) spires called vainly to you from the distance. They let you take home samples, too. Call on me at the American Consulate in Rotterdam next time and we'll go up and have a glass of Coca-Cola with the Kaiser.

FRED M. WREN (M)

Rotterdam.

KILLED IN ACTION

The Armistice did not bring to an end for some soldiers of the Yankee Division an opportunity to serve their country in an heroic role, nor even the danger of losing their lives in line of duty. Such a hero of peace time was Patrolman JOSEPH P. O'BRIEN, formerly of M. G. Company, 101st Infantry, who was shot and fatally wounded by one of two young automobile thieves in Longwood section of Brookline, on Sunday, August 3.

It is possible, in our saner moments, to see more true courage and real heroism in such a death, met while safeguarding the welfare of citizens, than in one met on the battlefields of war. How easy it would have been not to have noticed the suspicious actions of the two young bandits—to have turned the other way. Not for O'Brien however. Alone he accosted them, and when they failed to answer his questions satisfactorily he started to search one of them, whereupon the other pulled a gun and fired

three shots, two of which struck the head and the third the abdomen.

As all the daily papers had the story in considerable detail there is no use in rehearsing it here. One of the two men was apprehended within a day or two; the other has not been found at this writing.

Immediately following Patrolman O'Brien's death beginnings were made toward raising a fund for his widow and orphans. At the present time the amount received is in excess of $10,000. If any YD comrade, in token of his appreciation of a courageous gentleman and a true soldier, desires to add a bit to this fund, contributions can be made to Albert J. Meserve, Treasurer, Brookline Trust Co., Coolidge Corner, Brookline.

The slain officer was buried in St. Joseph's Cemetery in West Roxbury, Wednesday, following one of the most imposing and impressive final tributes Brookline has ever accorded a citizen. In the funeral procession, fifty uniformed Brookline patrolmen in command of Acting Chief Halloran preceding the hearse and behind that were members of Rutledge Post, V. F. W., and delegations from Metcalf Post, V. F. W., of Winthrop, and Boston Police Post, V. F. W., headed by Commander Peter W. Pate; members of Brookline Post, A. L., headed by Commander Thomas Hughes; and the Winthrop Machine Gun Company.

SHOCKING, WHAT?

I was reading in *Collier's* only recently some of the most shocking real news of modern times; viz., George Washington, the Father of his Country, idol of millions, past, present and future, was emphatically not a teetotaler and imbibed as often and as freely of the forbidden fruits of the present day as he chose, and that without fear of censure.

In 1758 he was elected to political office for the first time, and being rather busy fighting Indians at the time, did not actively engage in his own political campaign. However, on this occasion he had numerous live backers who did his campaigning for him, and the following is the list of the campaign expenses of the great leader of that day (read 'em and weep).

40 gallons of Rum Punch—7 pounds
15 gallons of Wine—7 pounds, 10 shillings
Dinner for your friends—3 pounds
13½ gallons of wine—6 pounds, 15 shillings
3½ pints of Brandy—4s. 4½d.
13 gallons of beer—16s., 3d.
8 quarts Dyder Royal—12s.
30 gallons of strong beer—1 pound
1 hogshead and 1 barrel of Punch, consisting of 26 gallons best Barbados rum—6 pounds, 10s.
10 bowls of punch—1 pound, 5s.
9 half pints of rum—5s. 7½d.
1 pint of wine—1s. 6d.

The Father of His Country was a moderate drinker, a one-bottle-man, who found a pint of Madeira enough to quench his dinner thirst for wine. He even loved to dance, mind you. He is said to have danced when past fifty, for three hours with the wife of General Greene—terrible. He was a famous fox hunter, and accounted one of the best horsemen of his time.

From the foregoing it is quite evident we are inclined to overlook time and habit, customs of the people as old as man himself in our feverish efforts at changing ethics through legislation.

The aim and purpose of this great man and his associates in founding our Constitution as it then existed was to create a free country with good laws. It is quite evident that modern times dictate otherwise than the ideals that prompted the founders.

I am inclined to wonder what poor George would have to say were he permitted to resurrect himself and see his country as it stands today.

L. F. D. (M)

Schofield Barracks
Terr. of Hawaii.

AN OVERSEAS WOMAN REVISITS OLD SCENES

The following letter, from Miss Anna Elliott, a member of the YD Auxiliary, who served in France during the war, and who is sister of George R. Elliott (M) (C Co., 104th Inf.,), brings another proof of the pleasure of revisiting our wartime friends when opportunity affords.

After a busy week at the Overseas Women's Convention and a still busier month hitting the high spots in five countries, I've taken time to visit this little town where so many of George's friends of the 104th were quartered before their departure for home.

My friends here have fallen on evil days, but they had my own billet waiting, unchanged after eleven years, except that Time does decay even a trench house. And the Y is still standing. I can see why the Colosseum is, but I defy anybody but an architect to understand how it survived the basketball games—it was very infirm then. It has reverted to its former use—a dance hall—but I imagine the "bals" here aren't very hilarious.

I went to call on Louise who did my laundry and she asked for news of her Robert. She dug out of the depths of the huge chest a little package containing my letters and cards and the address of a lad named Robert McNabb, 64 Canton Street, Fitchburg. There was a snapshot of his mother and sister, I think.

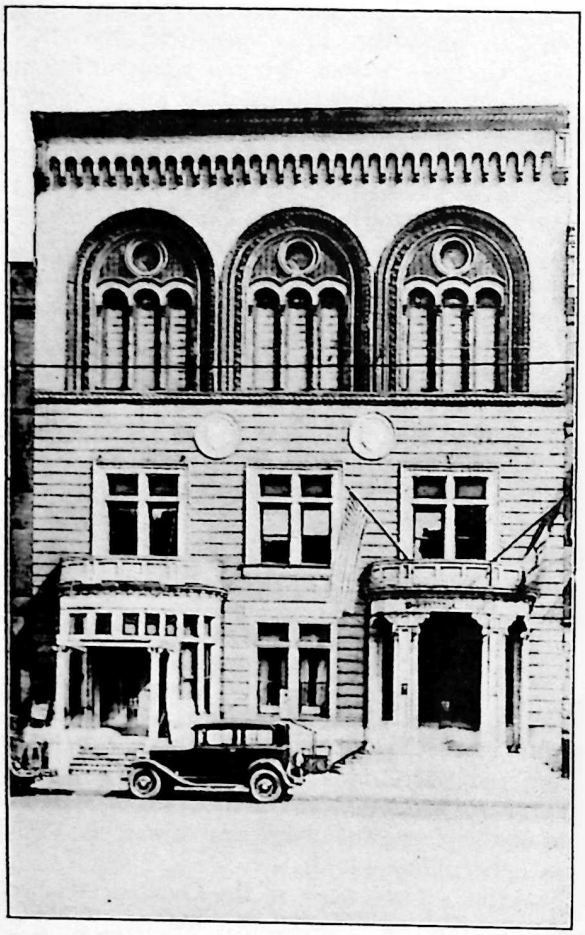
It sounds peculiar, but as I don't drink wine I'm given two-year-old cider as a strictly temperance drink. I can recommend it.

After a trip to Belgium to visit the grave of a cousin I'm sailing from Rotterdam.

Of course I went to see the chapel at Belleau.

—Anna Elliott.

Le Grand Luce
Sarthe, France.



YD Memorial Clubhouse

YD POST 290, A. L.

The approaching National Convention of the American Legion in Boston has seen increased activity and growing memberships lists in all Posts throughout Massachusetts. This has been especially true in YD Post which stands ready to uphold the prestige which its name confers upon it in all the affairs of Convention Week.

Perhaps the most important "morale booster" the Post has known since its formation has been the recent organization of a Bugle and Drum Corps which is soon to make its initial appearance in public. Sixteen American Legion type, long bugles, eight drums and bass drum have been purchased from Post funds and Mark King (M) appointed as Business Manager of the corps. Under the coaching of Mr. Farnham of the Conn Musical Instrument Co., from whom the instruments were purchased, the many aspirants for places in the corps are practising several nights a week and are already making notable progress. Mr. Farnham is ably assisted by Bill Munroe (M) (C Co., 101st Engrs.) in instructing the potential buglers and drummers, while Dan LaChapelle (103rd F. H.) is also taking a hand with the drummers. W. Harold Page (Band, 101st Engrs.) has been chosen as the first Drum Major.

Officers of the Bugle and Drum Corps, are: W. Harold Page, Drum Major; William Munroe (M), Chief Bugler; Monte Browne (M), Drum Sergeant; and Mark King (M), Business Manager.

The drums are attractively painted in French horizon blue with a dark blue YD monogram; the bass drum having the American Legion seal in the center and the words "YD Post 290, American Legion" around the central seal. It is also planned to have silk pennants with the YD emblem hung from the long bugles.

With a continuance of the high tension enthusiasm which the candidates for the corps now show, a very few weeks will work wonders in turning out a first class organization that will take no one's dust.

YD AUXILIARY

Wanted: Address of applicant who sent Mrs. Foss, Membership Chairman, 33 Hancock St., Boston, a $1.00 (bill) for dues in the YD Auxiliary.

The Auxiliary will hold its Annual Bazaar, Supper and Whist in the YD Club, 200 Huntington Avenue, Boston, November 15th. The sale of articles will begin at 2.00 p.m., the home-cooked food supper will be served from 5.30 to 7.30; the menu, baked beans, baked ham, potato salad, mustard pickles, spiced jelly, bread and butter, apple pie, cheese, tarts, doughnuts, coffee or tea for 50 cents per plate. The Whist will commence at 8.00 p.m., tickets 35 cents.

You and your friends are cordially invited to spend your time or money at our quarters, look over our wares, taste or test the culinary ability of our many fine cooks and lastly win for yourself a name as the champion whist player of the evening.

Committee Chairmen: Mrs. Alfred Snape, President; Mrs. Adele Hendrickson, General Chairman; Mrs. Allen Smith, Signal Corps; Mrs. Edna Snape, 101st Engineers; Mrs. Deale, 101st Ammunition Train; Mrs. Kane, 104th Infantry; Miss Flurry, 102nd Infantry; Mrs. Randall, 102nd Field Artillery; Mrs. Estabrook, Treasurer, Mrs. Foss, Supper.

—Mrs. Alfred Snape, *President*
YD Auxiliary.

MORE POWER TO YOU

The following announcement, which appears on a neatly engraved card, requires no comment, and is printed here at the express request of its author:

ANNOUNCEMENT

Royal K. Hayes (M) wishes to announce to his friends on this earthly plane of headaches that on August the ninth he took his last drink. In the future liquid refreshments will consist of milk, water, and the unfermented juice of the grape.
August 19th, 1930
Boston, Massachusetts

JOHN C. PAIGE & CO.
INSURANCE
40 BROAD STREET
BOSTON
TEL. HUBBARD 5231
NEW YORK OFFICE
115 BROADWAY

THE BOSTON ARENA
Boxing, Wrestling, Hockey, Games, Carnivals

ST. BOTOLPH STREET
BOSTON

$3.00
BOSTON
to
NEW YORK

Leaving
Hotel Metropolitan
315 TREMONT STREET
AT BROADWAY
9 a.m. Daily and Sunday 10 p.m.

HUB MOTOR COACH LINE, Inc.
Phone HANcock 7307

RIDE ON THE EAGLE BUS
Independently Owned and Operated by World War Veterans
Express Service
Daily and Sunday
Between
Boston and Portland
Boston and Manchester
or
Coast to Coast

EAGLE MOTOR TOURS, Inc.
119 STUART STREET
BOSTON, MASS.
Telephones LIBERTY 6305—5977

OUTBURSTS FROM THE OLD OUTFITS

G.W. TWOMBLY — Associate Editor

103RD INFANTRY

HARRY SARGENT (Supply Co.) is now living in Cornish, Maine.

ELTON MARKHAM (Sgt., E Co.), sheriff of Somerset County, lost his father recently.

BERNETTE L. DAVIS (E Co.) is now living in Lisbon, Maine, and is working for the New England Tel. & Tel. Co.

DANA B. ROUNDS (M) (Cpl., M. G. Co.) Postmaster at Hill, N. H., recently jumped into the limelight when he joined the order of "Hole-in-One." This feat was accomplished on the Maple Leaf Golf Course, North Sutton, N. H., on the 5th hole, which is 170 yards long. The play was made with a brassie which makes the accomplishment more outstanding.

CHARLES H. ROBERTS (M) (Sgt.-Bugler, Hdq. Co.) is located in his home town, Gardiner, Maine, and is associated with The Emery Co., Inc.

BILL JONES (Med. Det.) runs a plumbing establishment in Waterville, and in addition is Sealer of Weights and Measures.

Under the heading "Save a Drop for Morning," in the July-August number of YANKEE DOINGS there appeared a letter signed by "WILLIE B. FULLER." This letter has already achieved a great deal of fame and has been reprinted a good many times all over the country. The author is none other than Mr. Arthur G. Staples, humorist, and Editor of the Lewiston (Maine) *Evening Journal,* and has been published in one of his books "The Passing Age," which is well worth a place on anyone's book-shelf.

—E. K. HALE (M)

101st TRENCH MORTAR BATTERY REUNION

Eighty-four former members of the 101st Trench Mortar Battery joined with nearly one hundred of the 1st Maine Heavy Field Artillery in a most successful reunion on Sunday, August 24, at Webber Farm, Litchfield, Maine.

Among the speakers was Gov. William Tudor Gardiner whose speech, entirely in a humorous vein, vied with that of Capt. Gummy Michaud of Lewiston as a laugh provoking address. Father Carey of Portland, Col. George Webber, Capt. JAMES WALSH (M), ROGER GREEN (M) were other speakers, while George Fogg acted as toastmaster.

The following officers were elected at the business session: Commander, John McDonough; vice-commander, William Rochon; Jesse Farnam, secretary and treasurer; Bill Brennan, chairman of the reunion committee.

CONGRATULATIONS

Let's be accurate and quote literally: "My name is Jean; I'm the new Boss at 17 Sewall St., Framingham. Mr. and Mrs. DAVID HILTON (M) are my new parents. I arrived on July 31, 1930." Dave served in B Co., 102nd M. G. Battalion.

ANTHONY INDRIZANO (M) (H Co., 101st Inf.) was married on September 1, to Miss Lena R. DeStefano. The ceremony was performed at the Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, in East Boston, Massachusetts.

A daughter, Jane Marguerite, was born to Mr. and Mrs. WILLIAM L. HACKETT (M) (101st F. A.) on August 17.

ENGINEER ENTRIES

ANTICS OF A

Somebody simply has to broadcast something about the doings of a few of us, so here goes HARRY BOTSFORD with some tid-bits of some of the boys.

The other day JOHN QUIRT, SID ABBOTT (M), GEORGE NEWMAN (M), and myself had a nice sail down the harbor. Stopped off on one of the islands, and Sid acts again as a cook, making up a damn nice steak dinner over camp fires; and boy, take it from me, he still can boil water without burning it, and the rest of us were just as hungry as ever. Especially H. G. B.

And now, news from Sanford, Maine:

Got old FRANK MCCANN (M) on telephone and had quite a talk with him. Said he would come over to the Sanford airport to see me, but he didn't get over in time; we took off before he came, but he is feeling fine and will be in Boston for the Legion Convention. Might say here, all the Sanford boys are coming.

"HYPIE" ROWE, there is a boy who looks fine; met him and his wife. Lucky boy is "Hypie": he sure knows how to pick a wife, and fellows, what a fine little "Hypie" Jr. he has. Four and a half years old, and worth his weight in gold six times over. There

is one who is living as we all hope to anyway; good home, and a wonderful family, and working hard.

"Hypie" says that SHACKLEY, LORD, "KI-KI" CURRIER and one or two more are all fine and haven't changed much. Sorry I didn't see them. Now back in Boston.

EARL STANCHFIELD, the same old Earl; spick and span, working for WNAC studios in Boston.

ALEX BECKETT (M), old Beck, is putting on some weight, and looks fine; married life certainly agrees with him. Has two kiddies, I believe.

DAVE DAVENPORT is selling desks and looks very prosperous. Same Dave we all knew, big smile for everybody.

But there is one thing that we all want to know, when are we going to have a big get-together? What's the matter with our crowd anyway?

Come on, let's go. Come to the Legion Convention, get-together, and stay that way.

That's all, let's hear from some of you fellows, all of you can't be bothered with writer's cramp.

Wake up, the war's over, or must we start another to get us all together.

—H. G. B.

ECHOES OF E

On YD Veterans' Day at Camp Devens the E Co. man from the longest distance was GROVER NORTON (M) and it seemed good to see him again. He makes this an annual pilgrimage and as many other old YD men—to the number of about 4000 this year—feel the same way about it—it makes a grand reunion day. HICK WELCH, ART DUDLEY, JIM METCALF, CHARLIE ALLEN (M), CHARLIE DODGE (M), RUSS FRANCIS (M) are among the other "E" men who come to mind with TOMMY WATSON (M) also on tap. HUGHIE ROBERTS was in camp with the new Division—has a commission now and looked "right smart" in his uniform of O.D.

Received a telegram on June 16th from BILL MOODY—that is an eventful anniversary with him and BILL BUXTON—for that was the date in 1918 that we got the fine tokens of esteem from the Kaiser in Beaumont. BILL MOODY showed up the day after the Glorious Fourth, as did CHARLIE PARMENTER, so we had quite a little reunion. CHARLIE reported that he had recently lost his mother; it was this sad event which had brought him to this part of the country earlier than usual. We expressed the sympathy of all his old buddies in his bereavement. He was sorry he didn't have time to look up CHET THOMAS (M) et als. but will try to make up for these omissions the next time he's back this way. We had quite a little get-together with BILL MOODY which seemed good as he usually has but a few minutes to spare while he's in town. He got a thrill out of seeing HAROLD BROWNSON (M) at the baseball game the day before.

Speaking about seeing these old soldier friends, raises a question to which we lack the answer. Apparently we all think that we had about the best gang in "E" Company that could be gathered together in any man's war but when the reunion dates come around many, many are missing from the party. The way we figure it, we don't know where we'll be next year and we enjoy so much seeing the old gang that we always make a special effort to be among those present. Talking with any of the gang individually, they all seem to think a lot of the old days and the men they spent them with, but somehow they don't show up when they have the opportunity of meeting a bunch of them. These occasions aren't too numerous at best and it's always a puzzle to know why more don't join with the "regulars" who always attend. That these "regulars" are always on hand must be pretty good evidence that the reunions are worth attending. You figure it out, we can't!

We're sorry to report that CHAUNCEY MILLER won't be able to join us again on this earth as we have received news that he died on May 6th this year. FRED CAMPBELL (M) was trying to help him with an affidavit with the Veterans Bureau at the time of his death.

OKIE O'CONNOR (M) was last heard from per postal card from Detroit. He was then on his way to Buffalo, via Canada. He knows his routing! FRANK MCNALLY (M) is doing some snappy direct mail for his battery business. The latest was a postal card showing MAC surrounded by his wares and he must have been bitten by a fox in his extreme youth because the cash register in the foreground shows the last sale rung up was for a little better than two hundred bucks. He would think of details like that! He's the boy, by the way, who got the French cafe signs reproduced for us so they looked like the real thing. More power to your batteries, Frankie, me boy.

FANCIES OF F

The way things look now, the second Annual Migration to Fryeburg, for purposes of re-uning, eating, and general merrymaking, will take place (or will have taken place—depending on the date you read this) on Saturday, September 27. As this issue of DOINGS comes out too late to spread any propaganda and too early to relate any details, there isn't much more to be said. At present writing it looks as if this year's affair should eclipse last year's by several large State of Maine acres. Tell you unlucky ones who failed to attend all about it in the next issue.

Met GEORGE KILMAIN a few days ago. Reported seeing DICK JOHNSON and JACK LINDGREN (M), fellow Braintreeites occasionally. We also ran into JOHN MCCOLL within the past week. He is married and living in Cambridge.

The most recent member of F Company to join the Yankee Division Veterans Association is OWEN F. FARRELL (M), who is still living in So. Gardiner, Maine. He is one of the few still unmarried.

A card from Bob Millar (M), dated August 6, bears the postmark of St. Andrews, Fife, Scotland. He says: "Having a good time in Bonnie Scotland, and all that goes with it. I just wish the old squad could stage a party here: we could make the rafters ring."

—P. N. S. (M)

WELFARE ASSOCIATION

After two pleasant get-together meetings during the summer as guests of our President at Point of Pines, and of Mrs. John Osborn at the "Iron Kettle" in Hanover, the ladies of the 101st Engineers Welfare Ass'n. will hold their Fall meeting on Monday, September 29th, the last Monday of the month, instead of the first Monday of October, on account of the Legion Convention, at the Armory.

The Meeting will take up the business of the sale of Christmas cards, arrangements for obtaining seats for the Legion parade and complete plans for the first of the season's luncheons.

FLICKERS FROM THE 104TH

Last minute report of the Banquet from Joe Gannon (M) is that it will be at the American House, Hanover St., Boston, at 8:00 P.M. Tickets will be $2.75 and will be ready in a few days and reservations and tickets will be available at the YD Club or from any of the Committee, Eddie Holmes (M), Joe Gannon (M), L. Wagner (M). Please make your reservation as soon as possible so we can figure how many to expect.

C COMPANY

Gordon "(Red)" Derby was in Worcester this summer for a few days. He was sick abed with heart trouble for about a year but is all right now. He is living in Fort Edwards, N. Y.

Bill Smith and Rod Clapp are still in New York. Bill is selling real estate and Rod is with Wickwire.

Iver Ostland is living in Brooklyn; John Hopkins is also there.

George Cypher has a truck farm and is raising chickens. He is on the main road in Oxford.

Ned Hornibrook (M) has been up north from Atlanta since the day before Devens Day and from reports he has had a strenuous vacation, looking up the old gang. One night Ted Noyes (M), Guy Watts (M) and Ned (M) started to call on Norm Howes in Quincy, arriving about 10:00 P.M. It took most of the night to fight over the war and it was time to go to work when we got back to Worcester. Another night with Jim Valentine (M) as guide and Al Bennett (M) added to the party, we made the rounds.

Met Fred Rawson in Worcester while on my vacation, also saw Percy Ellis driving down Main Street.

Jud Fish is still in the flower game, he drove us down to Webster to call on Ned one night.

Met Al Rand at Ted Noyes' (M) summer home at Indian Lake.

Had a get-together on Main St., when George Thomson (M), Ned Hornibrook (M), Ted Noyes (M) and myself drove up to Fred Maloney and had a short talk with him. Fred has charge of the Police Training School in Worcester.

Eddie Flynn is still at Ware-Pratt. Ralph Kierstead is running his own gas station on Pleasant St., Tatnuck.

Frank Reed (M) is the mail-man at Paxton. Roland Cook (M) is at Rutland hospital yet but is feeling fine and expects to be out looking for a job in a few months.

Hope the Company will be well represented at the Regimental Dinner on Oct. 7th, the night of the Legion Parade. Eddie Holmes (M) is working hard trying to locate a place to have it. Notices will be sent out as soon as all arrangements are completed. (See notice above.)

102ND M.G. BATTALION

A COMPANY

The principal subject of conversation is the coming Legion Convention with all its ramifications.

Even the hottest of Wednesday noons draws a dozen to our weekly luncheons at the Boston Chamber of Commerce.

Geo. Bentley (M), "Pop" Covey (M), and Buck Freeman (M) thoroughly enjoyed the Mass. Legion Convention at Williamstown. The usual reunion in Vermont this fall will be missed. However, we'll have our Battalion banquet on October 7, in Boston, equally as difficult to recover from.

Harry Rodd (M) says he discovered Arthur F. Leonard on top of a telephone pole—that is, Dutch was working on the pole and Harry riding by. We suspected Dutch had deserted Vermont for Boston, but we just learned he lives at 22 Summer St. Medford.

Several changes in business connections have reached our ears. Kenneth Fish has left the New Haven R. R., and is now selling insurance for New York Life, reminding us that Stew Johnston (M) is still on vacation. Eastern Casualty Co. has sold out, thereby leaving Guy Bean (M) at the mercy of the cruel world. We have an idea he may go to Detroit or thereabouts to accept an offer. Harold Chick went from the roofing business into the offices of White-Weld—a bond house—and recently out again when several newer employees were dropped. Saw Ernest Hunnewell with a long face awhile ago—the cause probably due to being transferred by Pacific Mills to Baltimore.

We don't know whom to compliment, but anyway, someone did a good job in bringing RALPH GEORGE to one of our recent luncheons. We suspect Max enjoyed it and will reappear.

—A. C. H. (M)

A. P. O. NO. 709

At the National Convention of the Army and Navy Legion of Valor, held recently in Harrisburg, Penna., Major EDWIN H. COOPER (M) official photographer of the Yankee Division, was elected Chief-of-Staff. Boston was selected for the 1931 convention.

The names of MIKE MOONEY (M) (101st Inf.), A. R. TETA (M) (102nd Inf.) and Maj. CHARLES R. (RAY) CABOT (M) (103rd Inf.) have appeared in the American Legion Monthly's prize "Big Moment" Contest. Wish some of you birds would favor YANKEE DOINGS with stories of your big moments or little ones either. We can't offer any prizes, but would be glad to print your stories.

A card from A. JOHN HALFENSTINE (M) (101st F. A.), mailed in Paris, bears a picture of the famous Basilique du Sacre Coeur at the summit of Montmartre. Probably by this time, John is back on the job in Brookline, but how we envied him when that card arrived.

At dedicatory services by the First Corps of Cadets in Mt. Auburn Cemetery on May 25 last, Col. HORACE Z. LANDON (M) read an article published in the May number of YANKEE DOINGS.

Latest reports say that Gen. WILLIAM LASSITER (M) (51st F. A. Brig.) is to take the command of the Hawaiian Department, relieving Gen. Fox Connor, who, it is said, is to take over the 1st Corps Area, with headquarters in Boston.

A clipping from the Bridgeport (Conn.) *Herald* tells us that Brig. General EDWIN E. LAMB (M) who served overseas in the Yankee Division as Lieutenant Colonel of the 102nd Infantry has spent over thirty years of his life in military affairs, rising from the rank of musician in 1899 to Brigadier General in 1930. General LAMB (M) is City Controller of Hartford, Conn.

TAPS

JOSEPH P. O'BRIEN, formerly of the Machine Gun Company, 101st Infantry, died on Monday, August 4, as the result of wounds received at the hands of an armed desperado, while he was performing his duty as a patrolman of the Brookline Police Department. See notice elsewhere.

LEO P. DUFFY, formerly of G Company, 101st Infantry, died on April 17, 1930. At the time of his death he was a member of the Yankee Division Veterans Association, but no notice of his death reached the Secretary until this time.

LEROY R. HOGAN, formerly of the 103rd Field Hospital, died at the Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D.C., in April, 1930.

GEORGE L. SULLIVAN, formerly of the 103rd Field Hospital, a former resident of Lynn, Massachusetts, died in California recently.

JOHN H. DEVLIN, formerly of F Company, 101st Infantry, was drowned recently in New York State. His home was at 15 Winthrop Avenue, Newton.

J. S. WATERMAN & SONS
SINCE 1832
FUNERAL DIRECTORS
Local and Suburban Service

TEL. BACK BAY 8547 JOHN SQUAGLIA

You Really Feel at Home When You Eat Here

GENOA
ITALIAN RESTAURANT
for LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

338 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE
BOSTON, MASS.

Factory Appointees for
GRUEN, BULOVA *and* ELGIN WATCHES

THE BACK BAY JEWELER
Since 1895
Diamonds, Jewelry and Novelties
230 MASSACHUSETTS AVE. BOSTON
WATCH REPAIRING KEN. 0429 OPTICIANS

DR. T. P. DONAHOE
Dentist
352 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE
BOSTON

F. E. Soracco, Prop.

ROMAN GARDEN CAFE
for LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

We Specialize in
Ravioli, Spaghetti, Chops, Steaks and Chicken Dinners

330 MASSACHUSETTS AVE. BOSTON
Corner Huntington Avenue Telephone B. B. 8546

STATE BILLIARD PARLORS
Operated by Veterans of the World War
13 ASTOR STREET
BOSTON, MASS.

All Branches of Beauty Culture by Expert Operators
SWARTZ'S
Barber and Beauty Shops
We Specialize in
EUGENE AND LE MUR PERMANENT WAVING
334 MASSACHUSETTS AVE. KENMORE 3025
90 HUNTINGTON AVE. KENMORE 6368
OPEN EVENINGS

"WISE AND OTHERWISE"

A very pretty and youthful bride was badly injured in a motor smash, and the surgeons said that a skin-grafting operation was the only way to save her looks. Quickly her husband volunteered to give a patch of his skin.

There was but one part of his anatomy deemed suitable, so the surgeon took it from there. The operation was a success, and soon her face was near to normal again.

"Oh, how good of you," she said when she had returned from the hospital; "I'd like to do something to show how I appreciate what you've done for me."

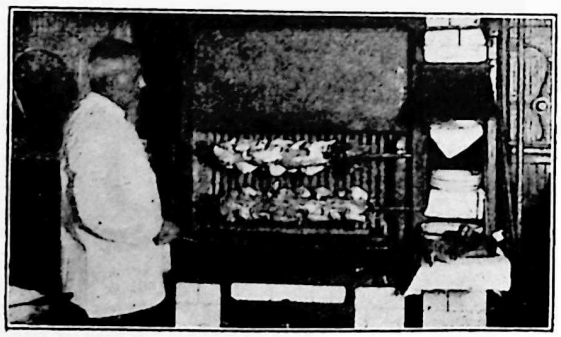
"That's all right, old girl," quoth her husband. "I'll get my reward every time I see your mother kiss you."

CAMMALL BADGE CO.
Badges, Flags, Banners Buttons, Pins, Emblems
299 WASHINGTON STREET
BOSTON, MASS.

Reunion and Get-Together
101st Ammunition Train
Tuesday, October 7

PALAIS D'OR RESTAURANT
281 Huntington Avenue

Get in touch with
ROBERT TELFORD, *Treasurer*
6 Beacon St., Boston



ARARAT CAFE
Armenian Restaurant
69 CARVER STREET BOSTON, MASS.

TEXACO

Compliments of

C.G. CONN Ltd.

HOTEL STATLER BUILDING
BOSTON

World's Largest Manufacturers of Band and Orchestra Instruments

We Specialize in Band and Drum Corps Organization

Uniforms,—Clothing
GOLDMAN & WAITE
109 STATE STREET
"In the Shadow of the Old State House"
Welcome YD Veterans
P. H. WAITE (M)
101st Sanitary Train

Billiard Tables and Bowling Alleys
of the Better Sort
J. E. CAME COMPANY
114 SUDBURY STREET BOSTON
Special Inducements to YD and American Legion

Tel. COMMONWEALTH 7546

THE COLONIAL
30 HUNTINGTON AVENUE BOSTON
AT COPLEY SQUARE
LUNCHEON 11:30 to 2—50c. TEA 3 to 5
DINNER 5:00 to 8—$1.25

ROAST DUCK Tuesday and Thursday Nights
STEAK
CHICKEN Monday and Wednesday Nights

BROILED LOBSTER, Friday $1.25

—— *Also* ——
THE COLONIAL ON THE HILL
99 MT. VERNON STREET BEACON HILL, BOSTON

You will be performing a valuable service to your own organization, the Yankee Division Veterans Association, by patronizing our advertisers and mentioning "Yankee Doings."